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Allegiances

CLOUDCLAN

Leader: Silverstar- Silvery she cat with blue eyes

Deputy: Applefoot- Silver tabby she cat with dark blue eyes

Apprentice: Frostpaw

Medicine Cat: Featherpelt- Gray tom with green eyes

Apprentice: Cloverfur

Warriors:

Willowfur- Light gray tabby she cat

Hailheart- Dark gray tom with silver patches

Tansypool- White-gray she cat with blue eyes

Shadowpelt- Black she cat

Skypelt- Silver she cat with brown eyes

Apprentice: Sunpaw

Whiteswirl- Light gray tom with a bright white spot on his forhead

Greenflower- Black she cat with gray spots and eyes

Apprentice: Cinderpaw

Amberclaw- White and gray tom with amber eyes

Lightningfeather- Black tom with golden eyes and pale ginger spots

Goldleaf- Gray tom with golden eyes

Stonewhisker- Silver tom with green eyes

Apprentices:

Cloverfur- Light gray tabby she cat with green eyes

Frostpaw- Bright white she cat with light blue eyes

Cinderpaw- Small light gray she cat with blue eyes

Sunpaw: Silver she cat with black tabby stripes

Queens:

Snowblaze- Gray and white tabby she cat with light amber eyes, mother of Amberclaw's kits: Gingerkit: White and silver she cat, and Moonkit: Dark silver she cat with green eyes

Peonystorm- Light gray she cat, expecting Whiteswirl's kits

Elders:

Windheart- Gray and white tom

Rosefoot- White she cat with light ginger paws.

BREEZECLAN

Leader: Russetstar- Dark ginger tom

Deputy: Blackspot- Brown she cat with one black spot around her eye

Medicine Cat: Thunderfoot- Gray tom with a reddish paw

Warriors:

Poppyheart- Ginger and white she cat

Dapplesun- Pale ginger tabby tom with amber eyes

Loosetail- Dark brown tabby tom with a long tail

Cherryflower- Dark ginger and light cream she cat

Riverstorm- Black and ginger tom with green eyes

Darksnow- Black tom

Clovepelt- Dark brown she cat with golden eyes

Apprentice: Grasspaw

Dandelionclaw- Dark cream she cat

Queens:

Brooktail- Dark blue-gray she cat, expecting Loosetail's kits

Brownfur- Dark brown tabby she cat, mother of Russetstar's kits: Blossomkit, a gray and cream tabby she cat, Hailkit, a black tom, and Mothkit, a brown-black she cat

Elders:

Ravenclaw- Black tom with long fur

Thistletail- Dark gray tabby she cat

HOLLYCLAN

Leader: Leafstar- Golden tabby tom

Deputy: Flamefur- Bright ginger she cat

Medicine Cat: Brackentail- Pretty brown she cat

Apprentice: Yellowpaw: Golden she cat with green eyes

Warriors:

Bluepelt- Bright blue-gray tabby she cat

Briarcloud- Golden-brown she cat

Apprentice: Runningpaw

Pebblefall- Gray and white tabby tom

Apprentice: Dustpaw

Ashfall- Dark gray tom with blue eyes

Thornwing- Gray tom with white tabby stripes

Apprentice: Blazepaw

Sagepelt- Light gray and white tabby she cat

Apprentice: Fernpaw

Lilytail- Golden and white she cat with green eyes.

Nightwhisker- Golden tom with black whiskers

Marshclaw- Bright ginger and cream tom

Volefang- Black-brown tabby tom

Mousefoot- Brown and white she cat

Queens:

Nettleswhisker- Black and gray she cat, mother of Marshclaw's kits, Dawnkit, a bright cream and gold she cat, and Burnkit, a bright ginger tom with gray eyes and black paws.

Spotstorm- Golden-spotted gray she cat, expecting Nightwhisker's kits.

Elders:

Patchleaf- Black and white tom

Pineheart- Black and gray tabby she cat

Moorblossom- Gray she cat with pinkish paws

FLOWERCLAN

Leader: Cheetahstar- Handsom brown tom

Deputy: Jayflight- Gray tabby tom with blue eyes

Medicine Cat: Budfur- Light gray tom

Warriors:

Frogfoot- Dark gray tom with a blue-gray foot

Minnowflight- Silvery-gray she cat with amber eyes

Puddlemist- Gray and white she cat with blue eyes

Dusktail- Black and brown tabby she cat

Apprentice: Oakpaw

Boulderheart- White tom with a black spot on his chest

Apprentice: Mistpaw

Birchfire- Ginger and white tom with black flecks

Snakeheart- Massive dark brown tom with greasy fur

Brackenflower- Dark brown and cream she cat

Queens:

Swiftfoot- Gray and brown tabby she cat, mother of Boulderheart's kits: Petalkit- Black and white she cat, and Crowkit- White and gray she cat

Mossfrost- Silver and light gray tabby she cat, mother of Frogfoot's kits: Orangekit- Bright ginger tom, Birdkit- Gray and black she cat, and Driftkit- Light brown tabby tom

Elders:

Wolfpelt- Light gray she cat with white spots

Talonpelt- Dark gray tom with light gray stripes

Cats Outside The Clans:

Frost- Silver she cat with black tabby stripes and green eyes

Stanley- Calico she cat with green eyes, kittypet

Mint- Light gray tom with black flecks, kittypet

Hazel- Gray-brown tabby she cat with amber eyes, kittypet

Notice

Welcome to Snowfall!

As I'm sure you guessed, I'm Holly. And if you didn't get it from the description, this is ***Book two of a series.*** If you have not yet read book one, I suggest you look up my profile and read it. It is called Dreams of Shadows.

On the other hand, if you are a long-term reader, welcome back! The prologue will be up soon. ;D

~ ✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Prologue

Silverstar watched her Clan. She had just become leader, and her heart still throbbed with grief for Featherstar, who had died a few days before. Her kit, Lightningpaw tussled with his friend Goldpaw in the clearing, and off under he flower bush in the corner of the camp, Frostpaw and Stonepaw sat together. Only Cinderpaw, sitting alone near the apprentice den, looked lonely.

Her deputy, Brightsky, padded up to her. "Silverstar, it's time to-"

She broke off as Silverstar's other kit, Applepaw, raced into the camp. Her pelt was streaked with mud and it was fluffed up, and her eyes were wide and wild. "Silverstar!" She shrieked before collapsing onto the ground.

Silverstar leaped off of the Rock Pile and dashed over to her daughter. All she could think was back when she was Silverfeather and struggling to give birth to her kits; how Applekit had gotten stuck; how Lightningkit was weak for four moons. She saw a cut on Applepaw's neck. She crouched beside her fallen daughter. "Applepaw!"

The silver tabby's eyes fluttered open dazedly. They locked on Silverstar's. "Featherpelt!" Silverstar shrieked. "Cloverpaw!"

Lightningpaw and Goldpaw ran over. Lightningpaw nuzzled his sister. "Get back!" Silverstar snarled. He might make it worse. Lightningpaw stumbled backwards, looking hurt, and Goldpaw licked his ears. Only his golden eyes betrayed how he was feeling. "What happened?" Featherpelt asked. He dropped the bundle of wounds he was carrying. "I don't know!" Silverstar wailed. Her green eyes darkened. *What if she dies?*

Featherpelt sniffed the wound. "Cloverpaw," he meowed. "I want you to get some wet moss. Quickly."

The light gray she cat nodded and trotted away. "She should be

okay," Featherpelt meowed, picking up a small marigold leaf. "Don't worry. Okay, Applepaw,'"he added, blinking down at the slender silver tabby. "This will hurt a little."

He chewed up the leaf until it was a pulp then spat it onto his paw. Cloverpaw came back with the wet moss. "Okay, Cloverpaw, I want you to press the moss to the wound so the blood stops," Featherpelt instructed. "Then you'll do the poultice?" Cloverpaw asked, pressing down on the deep wound with the moss. Featherpelt nodded and Silverstar sat down, vowing not to leave her daughter's side.

She watched as Featherpelt chewed up leaves, mixed them together, and licked them into the wound. She cringed as Applepaw shrieked in pain. Finally she came back to full consciousness and sat up. "What- what happened?"

Her eyes stared at the ground. Lightningpaw rushed forward and licked her ears. "I'm so glad you're okay!" He bubbled. "Lightningpaw, move back!" Silverstar growled. Applepaw was obviously still fragile. How could he go and maybe endanger her life?

"Applepaw, where's Moonpaw?" Goldpaw asked. Applepaw cocked her head. "You asked her to take a walk with you," Goldpaw reminded her. Applepaw thought, then nodded. "Oh yes, now I remember. There..." She gasped, and Silverstar's heart stopped, but she continued. "There was a fox. It leaped out of nowhere and before we could do anything, it had Moonpaw. We fought it, but it killed Moonpaw. I slashed at its neck and it ran. But Moonpaw was already dead. I wanted to warn you, so I ran back."

Cinderpaw, who was Moonpaw's littermate and had crowded around Applepaw, let out a wail of grief. Silverstar turned her head to see Frostpaw pressing up against her. For once, the sisters were getting along. Usually it was Moonpaw who had to keep the peace between them.

Goldpaw shut his eyes, as if willing himself not to believe it, not to believe it was true.

But it was. Moonpaw was... Moonpaw was dead.

Silverstar turned and padded away. She was thinking. *Should I give Applepaw her warrior name? Yes,* she decided. Applepaw was the right age, and she and Lightningpaw were good at hunting and fighting.

But later, though. Applepaw needed to rest. "Amberclaw, take Raintail and go retrieve Moonpaw's body," she ordered. The two warriors nodded once. "Check if there is still any fox scent, and if to still hanging around chase it away. Where was it, Applepaw?"

"Near the FlowerClan border," Applepaw said. Amberclaw and Raintail nodded again and padded out of camp.

Silverstar stretched and padded over to her daughter again. *But why does it feel like I'm missing something?*

Yay! I got the prologue out early! How'd you like the little insight on Moonpaw's death?

School again tomorrow- ugh. And probably waaaay too much homework so I will try to get some work done on Snowfall. Maybe. Hopefully.

Also, how do you like the cover? ;D it's Sunpaw (of course), Goldleaf, Cinderpaw, and Lightningfeather 💝💝💝

Sunleaf and Cinderfeather forever! :D

Oh, just to let you know, I did change the prophecy a little. You can find it in the end of Chapter Ten on Dreams of Shadows, but here it is anyway.

"*A pool of sun will glow and light the Clans from within, and the gold, the cinders, and the lightning shall rise as the apple casts a dark glow on the Clans. The sun will die and the apple shall rule all as the Clans are thrust into an unending darkness."*

Which do you like better? :3

Also we really need readers on Elaina's writing contest! I assure you it is VERY simple just look up "_Elaina_" and it's on her profile! Please! I'm beggin ya!

Well anyway, I should probably sign off her ;D

Bye!

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter One

Applefoot?

Sunpaw watched in amazement as the silver tabby she cat padded up to the Rock Pile. *Why Applefoot?* The warrior was young and inexperienced. Sure, she had an apprentice, but she had only been a warrior for a few moons, according to Cinderpaw.

Sunpaw looked around for Lightningfeather. The ginger-spotted black tom stared back at her. Sunpaw saw something in his gaze.

It was hurt.

Lightningfeather was Applefoot's brother and everyone knew that Silverstar liked him better. Still, Sunpaw knew that Lightningfeather's father was dead and that Applefoot despised him as much as his mother did. The only people he had were Cinderpaw, Sunpaw, and Goldleaf.

Sunpaw realized that the cats around her had lifted their muzzles to the sky and began cheering the new deputy's name. "Applefoot! Applefoot! Applefoot!"

Goldleaf padded over to Applefoot and touched noses with her. He murmured something, and Sunpaw looked away. He had promised just a few minutes ago that he didn't love Applefoot; that he was just being her mate to protect Sunpaw. Still, Sunpaw was unsure as she watched him lick Applefoot's ears. He was a good actor, if what he had said was true.

Lightningfeather padded over to Sunpaw. "We should go see Cinderpaw, tell her the news," he meowed. Just then, Silverstar called, "Wait! We have some more ceremonies to perform."

Sunpaw sat down again, confused. Lightningfeather joined her. "Moonkit, Gingerkit, step forward," she ordered. Sunpaw looked around and saw the small white and silver and dark silver shapes

step, *or run*, Sunpaw thought, would be a better word, up to the Rock Pile. "These two kits have reached their sixth moon and are ready to become apprentices of our Clan. Your names will be Gingerpaw and Moonpaw."

Sunpaw heard a sharp intake of breath from Goldleaf, farther up, and knew that it was because he had once loved a cat named Moonpaw.

But then Applefoot had killed her.

"Moonpaw, your mentor will be Hailheart," Silverstar went on. Moonpaw looked around for the silver and white tom, who stepped forward. They touched noses and stepped back. "Gingerpaw, your mentor will be Shadowfur," Silverstar meowed. The silver and white she cat and the black touched noses, their pelts as different as day and night. "Moonpaw! Gingerpaw! Moonpaw! Gingerpaw!" The Clan cheered. "Clan dismissed," Silverstar meowed lazily, hopping off of the Rock Pile. The Clan broke up and Lightningfeather turned back to Sunpaw. "Let's go see Cinderpaw."

They made their way over to the medicine den, preparing to push their way in through the hanging curtain of lichen that covered the entrance. A light gray, blurred shape passed in front of them and knocked them out of the way. "No! You can't go in!" Cloverfur meowed angrily. "Cinderpaw and Frostpaw are still very sick. Maybe on their way to StarClan."

Lightningfeather's eyes widened angrily. "That's fox dung! If she's dying we should at least be allowed to see her!"

"No!" Cloverfur repeated. "You might get sick, and we've hardly enough catmint already, and it's leaf bare, *and* there's a snowstorm coming in a few days! I can smell it on the air."

Lightningfeather sighed. "Come on, Cloverfur, please? Just for a minute?"

"No," Cloverfur insisted. "Maybe tomorrow. But could you ask Gingerpaw or Moonpae to come along with me? I need to collect some herbs."

"Well, it's night," Sunpaw pointed out. Cloverfur shot her an irritable look. "Thank you for that wonderful insight. I, Sunpaw, am not blind and can see perfectly well. I meant in the morning."

"Oh," Sunpaw muttered. "Yeah sure."

She and Lightning feather padded away. "Well, good night," Sunpaw meowed. "Night," Lightningfeather meowed, dipping his head to her before padding away to the Warrior's den. Sunpaw padded off to the apprentice den, slipped through the tunnel, shivering. The weather was cold, and when she brushed up against the tunnel wall accidentally she got the chill of snow through her fur.

She climbed into her nest and shut her eyes, fully expecting to be transported to The Dark Forest like she was every night. Before she could fall asleep, however, a loud screech rent the air. *Peonystorm*! Sunpaw thought. She leaped out of her nest and dashed into the clearing. Cloverfur and Featherpelt were streaking to the nursery in a blur of gray fur, bundles of herbs clutched in their jaws. A few cats trickled into the clearing but most stayed in their dens. Lightningfeather hurried over to Sunpaw. "We can go see Cinderpaw!" He hissed. Sunpaw froze. *Should I? What if we get caught?* But then thought, *she's my best friend! I deserve to see her! And it's not my fault that they didn't leave Cloverfur there!*

"Follow me," Lightningfeather muttered quietly, flicking his tail towards the medicine den. "You see how it's a cave?"

Sunpaw nodded. "Well, there's a bunch of boulders outside of camp, and when we go out, we can slip through into the den. Simple!" Lightningfeather meowed.

Sunpaw nodded. "Okay, follow me."

She slunk through the shadows of the night and pressed herself against the wall. For Lightningfeather, whose pelt was black, it was easy, but Sunpaw could only hope that her silver tabby coat didn't show.

As soon as she reached a maple tree, she slid around it and ended up outside of camp. Lightningfeather followed. He took the lead,

padding through the trees until they came to a pile of rocks. Lightningfeather took in a deep breath. "Okay, watch me."

He climbed up on the boulders and when he reached the middle, he dropped in. His voice floated out through the rocks. "Come on! It's easy," he called, his voice floating up from the rocks. Sunpaw followed him, placing her paws in the exact spots he had, won reached the place where she would drop down. She took a deep breath and slipped through the boulders.

She landed in a dark tunnel with Lightningfeather. His pelt was nearly invisible in the shadows. "Okay, where do we go?" Sunpaw asked. Lightningfeather flicked his ears. "That way."

They padded in the silence. Suddenly, a shriek ripped through the air. Lightningfeather jumped and Sunpaw shivered. She remembered vaguely from when she had been a rogue, before her mother- no, she reminded herself. Not her mother. Frost - had abandoned her, Frost was helping some she cat have kits, but the kits had been born too early. The kits and the mother hadn't made it through the night. Peonystorm was imitating her shrieks. Sunpaw hoped the she cat wouldn't die.

"She's in the hands of StarClan," Lightningfeather meowed. Sunpaw blinked and stopped. "Lightningfeather, what *is* StarClan? I keep hearing cats talking about it but I don't know what it is."

"It's our warrior ancestors," Lightningfeather answered without stopping. He looked over his shoulders. "Are you coming?"

Sunpaw shook herself. "Yes." She would get a better answer later.

Lightningfeather meowed, "We're almost there. Remember, be quiet, and don't get caught."

They emerged into the medicine den. Sunpaw immediately spotted Cinderpae's nest and hurried over. Frostpaw's was vacant. Sunpaw leaned over Cinderpaw's nest and gasped at what she saw.

Cinderpaw was no longer the bubbly, cheerful gray she cat but a shriveled, skinny, wasted gray patch of fur. She was shivering and

as Lightningfeather approached let out a pitiful cough, and her eyes shot open. "Lightningfeather! Sunpaw!" She croaked, her voice weak and quavering, once she had figured out who they were. "Hi. Wait! You can't be here! I'm sick! I'll infect you!"

Lightningfeather stooped and licked Cinderpaw's ears fiercely. "You're going to get better," he vowed. "I swear it by StarClan!"

Oh no Cinderpaw!

So. How's the first chapter? It's reallllllllly long but don't get used to that 😸

So, a good start for Snowfall? I think so :D tell me your thoughts. Also it's my best friend's birthday! @WarriorCatLover03 she's a really good friend and has been since first grade :) 🩶🩶🩶 🌸🍃🌺🎂🎂🌺🍃🌸 <-- birthday EPICNESS

Comment below any thoughts :) I wanna hear em!

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Two

"We'd better go," Sunpaw murmured, looking down on Cinderpaw. "Get some rest."

Quietly, she and Lightningfeather turned and slipped out of the den. Peonystorm was stroll shrieking, though they were becoming weaker every time. Sunpaw sat, resigned to the fact that she would not be getting any sleep that night.

Lightningfeather sat next to her. Applefoot was asleep in her den, and Goldleaf came out from the warrior's den and silently sat down next to Sunpaw. Lightningfeather let out a soft hiss, but made no complaint.

Finally, after what seemed like seasons, Featherpelt popped his head out of the den. He was breathing heavily. "She's had three. One..." He couldn't finish the sentence and padded out, head down, to the medicine den. Cloverfur followed dutifully, clutching moss in her jaws. Sunpaw felt an aura of disappointment from Cloverfur and... Anger from Featherpelt. Anger? Why was he angry?

Sunpaw padded into the apprentice den, but before she could slip inside, a soft tail laid on her shoulder made her turn her head. Goldleaf was standing there. "Sunpaw?"

"What?"

"Do you want to go-" he stopped then hastily said, "On a border patrol! Later! In the morning! With Skypelt and Applefoot?"

Sunpaw got the feeling that he hadn't said what he'd intended to, but she was too tired to press him for more details. "Sure," she meowed, yawning. She looked up at the sky and felt her heart sink when she saw the pale pinkish-gold color of dawn. She decided to try and get some sleep.

"Sunpaw! Get up!"

Sunpaw opened her eyes about a second after she had closed them. The unwelcome voice of Applefoot filled her ears and she sat up. Applefoot's silver form was blocking off all light coming from the entrance to the den, and without a word, Sunpaw got to her paws and padded out of the den, squeezing through the tunnel. Gingerpaw and Moonpaw's nests were deserted. Applefoot followed Sunpaw.

Without a word, Sunpaw walked over to the group of cats by the Rock Pile: Skypelt, Goldleaf, Gingerpaw, and Shadowfur. Applefoot took the lead, and Sunpaw lagged a little. Gingerpaw was bouncing around in the front, and Sunpaw was thankful for the small apprentice's enthusiasm. It provided a distraction for Applefoot, who explained that they were on a hunting patrol and needed to be quiet. She began to lag behind, her paws dragging. She was exhausted, and full of grief for Peonystorm. She hoped that she would name the surviving kits later that evening.

Goldleaf slowed his pace until he was walking next to Sunpaw. Without a single meow, he lowered his thick tail and brushed it against Sunpaw's ankle. It tickled. Sunpaw let out a reluctant purr, and Goldleaf instead put his tail under Sunpaw's chin, turning her head to his. His golden eyes gleamed. He was named for them, Sunpaw realized. His lovely yellow eyes, like small suns. Suns.

Sunpaw pulled her head away and sped up, her heart racing. *We can't let Applefoot know,* she told herself sternly. *We can't let Applefoot know.*

But she couldn't shake the feeling... His eyes, like small, round, golden suns... And her eyes, leaf green.

Sunpaw blinked her green eyes, wishing her feelings weren't so confused.

Wow I am really sorry... This is very poopy. Filler chapter! Better chapters coming up. I promise :)

~ ✧ 🐱 ✧ Rainfeather ✧ 🐱 ✧

Chapter Three

Sunpaw padded back into the camp, her head drooping and her tail dragging. She wasn't sure how she felt about anything, except that she knew she had to be able to push onwards. She yawned.

Applefoot hissed. "Sunpaw! We've all had a rough night but none of us are scaring all the prey from here to the Sky Tree!"

She lowered her voice. "But I suppose you wouldn't understand," she muttered, clearly not intending for Sunpaw to hear. "You'll always be a rogue. You don't belong here."

Sunpaw snarled, whipping around to face Applefoot. *How dare she!* "Say that again!" She growled. "Say that once more and I swear-"

"What're you going to do, fight me?" Applefoot sneered. Sunpaw dropped into a crouch, unsheathing her claws, fully ready to leap into battle. Skypelt darted between them. "Stop that!" She hissed angrily. "Why are you acting like kits? You're Clanmates for StarClan's sake!"

Sunpaw dropped her gaze. "Sorry Skypelt," she muttered, still fuming inwardly about Applefoot.

Skypelt hissed angrily and turned to Applefoot. "And you, you're the deputy! You're supposed to be setting a good example. Not provoking fights."

Sunpaw uncurled herself slowly from her crouch on the ground. She lashed her tail once, but then sighed. "Okay. Okay."

Her energy was depleted. Skypelt looked at her sympathetically as Applefoot stalked away, grumbling under her breath. "You've had a long night. Go take a rest, and did Featherpelt want you to come in for any of your wounds?"

Sunpaw shook her head. "He didn't. But I'll rest."

Skypelt nodded. "I'll wake you when it's time for something."

Sunpaw stopped at the fresh kill pile and looked in disdain at the small amount of river fresh kill. She knew the rivers, creeks, brooks, and streams would soon freeze over, so she took a trout. She ate it quickly, because she was tired, and headed to her nest. She curled up and fell asleep.

She was standing in a forest. It was an unknown forest, but it wasn't the Dark Forest. She looked around. A gray pelt flashed through the trees. "H-hello?" She called. A murmur rose from the surrounding trees. "Hello! Hello! Hello!" They whispered.

A gray she cat stepped into view, her amber eyes glowing. "Hello Sunpaw."

Doveheart.

A light gray tom joined her. It was Raintail. Sunpaw, confused, dipped her head to the two starry cats. "We have someone for you to meet," Raintail meowed. He nodded into the trees. Sunpaw watched the shadows, her green eyes fixated on one thin branch. Suddenly, a brown and silver face appeared. "Hi! I'm Lilycloud."

The silver and brown she cat leapt gracefully down from the tree, her paws landing softly on the ground. She stalked around Sunpaw, Doveheart, and Raintail. Then she sat and looked at Sunpaw. "We have to show you something."

Without waiting for a response, all three cats got to their paws and padded off. Sunpaw hurried to follow them. They led her silently through the trees. *Where are we going?*

Then Lilycloud stopped. Her brown and silver tail swished and she pulled to the side. Raintail and Doveheart did the same. "Look in," Lilycloud murmured.

Sunpaw walked forward and looked down at the ground. It was a pool of water and it was clear as the lake near the mountains. She felt a sudden urge to jump in- but stopped herself. She looked up at Lilycloud. "Show us Frost," Lilycloud meowed in a commanding

tone, her gaze directed to the water. At once the calm surface began to ripple and distorts, the images of the trees reflected inside quaking. Soon the surface calmed and Sunpaw gazed in.

The image showed a forest. She didn't recognize it; it was made up of mostly oak trees, but one tall tree with bright red fruits hanging from it caught her eye. Her gaze traveled down the trunk, and she reached the roots.

Lying at the roots of the tree was a slender, silver tabby body. It looked remarkably like hers, yet older and thinner. And with a sudden, shocking realization, Sunpaw realized something.

It was Frost. Lying dead at the foot of an apple tree.

A whisper sounded from behind her. "The apple shall rule all."

OMBRBOG!!!!!!! I HAVEN'T UPDATED IN LIKE THREE YEARS! No, jokes, it was like, four days. 😅 But I have a habit of exaggerating 😅

Yes. I love emojis.

And the rumors were true- you get lots of hard homework in sixth grade 😾 Last night's math homework took about three and a half hours by itself.

It was ten problems.

I hate double digit long division.

Okay, I've never been a math whiz. Language Arts, that's an easy A! But math I have to work for it!! ✏📊📈📉✒📎📏📐

Don't ask me what any of those things are. I don't know. I just said that I'm NOT a- GETTING OFF TOPIC HOLLY. FOCUS. I had to tell that to myself during Irish dance today 😹 NEVER take a summer off when you're in the second and a half class. BAD idea!!!

Anyway.

Homework is pretty much my reason for not updating... But laziness was a huge factor too. I'm lazy. I'll admit it 😎

Oh! Demons came on! Love that song!

Getting off topic.

Sorry. But.

Don't you just shucking LOVE Imagine Dragons?!

I don't know. I do. Now I better wrap this up before I go crazy and kill you all with boredom. I've done that before. No, kidding. Once I almost broke someone's foot when-

NO! RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!

CHECK OUT MY COLLAB ACCOUNT @Pathetic_Loser_Clan! THERES AN INSANE BACKSTORY!

~✧🐱✧ H-

Chapter Four

Sunpaw stumbled back from the pool. Doveheart brushed her tail along her flank, but she shook it off. She stared at the three StarClan warriors, her eyes wide. Raintail padded forward slowly. "You know what you have to do."

Sunpaw's mind whirled. Raintail stared at her intently. "Yes," she meowed quietly.

She had to kill Applefoot.

Doveheart looked at her, urgency showing in her brilliant green eyes. "Listen, Sunpaw. You may not tell any cat about us. Any cat at all."

"Not even Goldleaf or Lightningfeather or Cinderpaw?"

Raintail stiffened. "*No,* not *anyone."*

"Why?" Sunpaw shrieked.

But when she opened her eyes she was in the apprentice den. Moonpaw and Gingerpaw were curled up together, their backs brushing as they breathed evenly. It was pitch black and Sunpaw cursed herself for not waking earlier. *Applefoot's only going to get worse if I sleep every day away!*

She pushed herself out of her nest and sighed. Maybe she should do some training to make up for it. She was fully energized now after her long sleep, so she crept out of the apprentice den.

As soon as she got out, she looked around. The medicine den was filled with hacking coughs and ragged breathing. Sunpaw remembered something she had heard from someone- *Catmint is the only herb to heal Greencough.* Maybe she should get some. *Tansy too*, she decided. That was something her mother had taught her.

Her mother. Frost.

Frost was dead.

Surprisingly, Sunpaw felt no sadness wash over her. Just a burning desire for revenge. Frost wasn't her mother, she wouldn't ever be accepted as it either. But Applefoot couldn't get away with killing a cat. Even though she, Sunpaw, knew she would have to do it too.

For the first time, Sunpaw thought back to the prophecy she had heard a moon and a half ago. *A pool of sun will glow and light the Clans from within, and the gold, the cinders, and the lightning shall rise as the apple casts a dark glow on the Clans. The sun will die and the apple shall rule all as the Clans are thrust into an unending darkness.*

What could it be about? She thought about it for a minute before retreating to the cover of the flowering bush, which was beginning to loose its bloom. Obviously, the apple had to be Applefoot. She was surprised about how calm she felt, especially since the prophecy implied that the apple would kill the sun.

Now, who was the sun?

Obviously, the first thought that jumped to mind was her, Sunpaw. But how could she thought of as a 'pool of sun'? If anything, she was a paw of sun. She didn't have her warrior name yet. So she ruled herself out as a possible candidate and brainstormed more ideas.

The next- and only - thing that came to mind was the real sun, the one in the sky for which she had been named. But how could Applefoot get up there? It was all the way in the sky, untouchable, farther away than the moon. But even if Applefoot did find some way to get to the sun, and did kill it, then everything would die. Sunpaw knew this. The plants, animals, and even Twolegs would die until there was nothing left.

But she couldn't let that happen.

Hello! Seems like a better update schedule thing I guess now. I don't know. Especially since I have social studies AND science homework to do 😭 and my math took me an hour 😑.

Let's HOPE that this mysterious Apple (lol) doesn't go and steal

the sun... That would not be good for anyone.

Wish me luck! I must continue delving into my homework 😒.

Bye!

~ ✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Note

Hello.

I want to know something.

I want to know who you "silent readers" are.

Because Dreams of Shadows has 1.34K views now, and I don't have too many readers, I know. At least, readers that show themselves. And I only put 32 parts in. So come out silent readers! If you are a silent reader, in the comments please say "I am a silent reader! I like pie!" So then I will know. You don't have to show yourselves again, I just want to know... like really really badly :) so just say that, maybe leave a vote if you want, and then you're good to go.

Thanks. I really appreciate it.

~ ✧🐈‍⬛✧Holly✧🐈‍⬛✧

Chapter Five

Sunpaw padded out of the camp and picked her way through the leafless trees, her fur slightly fluffed up against the cold. She was cold, but not freezing. *Not like it would be if Applefoot stole the sun.*

But... What if the sun *was* her? Either way, she couldn't let Applefoot kill it. She would have to be on her guard from now on. And what had Raintail meant by Ligningfeather not being allowed to know about the meetings she had with StarClan? Was he... Secretly on Applefoot's side?

Suddenly she heard a snapping of a twig. She looked around, suddenly fearful. What would happen if- no, it was probably just prey. She sniffed the air. She couldn't deny the unmistakable odor of Applefoot- and fresh, too. That meant she was probably still in the area. Sunpaw bounded up a tree, quick as a flash, a leafless birch tree. She hoped her silver and black pelt would blend in alright with the wood.

She peered down, holding her breath. All she saw were shadows. Sunpaw sniffed the air again, and smelled Applefoot's scent, coming closer. *Fox dung*! She cursed herself inwardly as she remembered she hadn't disguised her scent. Luckily, she was downwind for the time being, but she climbed a little higher, just to be sure that Applefoot didn't scent her.

Sunpaw padded along the tree, leaping from branch to branch. She ignored the fear that was slowly growing inside her as she looked around, straining her eyes for a glimpse of Applefoot's silver tabby pelt. Finally, just as she was approaching the BreezeClan border, she heard a voice. "Glad you could make it."

She looked down onto the border and nearly fell out of the tree in shock. There sat Applefoot, who was sitting calmly and without any fear of being noticed, on the BreezeClan border. A brown she cat with a black spot around her eye sat there, staring impatiently at Applefoot. Sunpaw wracked her memory and decided she might be

Blackspot, the deputy.

The deputy was in league with Applefoot. That was certainly what it seemed like, anyway. Sitting next to her was a dark cream she cat. Applefoot turned her head, looking towards the FlowerClan meadow. "Oh, here comes Birchfire," the dark cream she cat meowed. Applefoot nodded. "Correct, Dandelionclaw."

Sunpaw leaned forward slightly, her mind drawing back the time when she had spied on Applefoot and Goldleaf before. But this was different. Applefoot leaped onto a pile of rocks. "Is everyone here?"

"Wait!" Birchfire, the newcomer, called. "We're still waiting for Pebblefall, Lilytail, and Nightwhisker."

Applefoot snorted but settled down on the rock pile. Sunpaw mimicked her, settling down on the branch. Suddenly, Blackspot threw her nose up and sniffed. "Wait!" She rasped lowly. "I smell something. CloudClan."

Sunpaw's heart froze and she pushed herself against the trunk of the tree. "It's nothing," Applefoot meowed. "You're smelling me, that's all."

Sunpaw breathing lightened, relief washing through her when she realized she hadn't been found. *StarClan, if I* had *been found....*

She shook her head, clearing the thought from her mind and looking around. Three cats were padding through the meadow. Birchfire rolled his eyes. "Honestly, guys, you have to be more careful. Some cat might smell you tomorrow!"

The one in the lead, a pitch black tom, smirked and shrugged. "Well, we won't be."

Birchfire rolled his eyes. Applefoot got back to her paws. "Alright, everyone, we need to talk."

The three newcomers, who Sunpaw supposed were Minnowflight, Lilytail, and Nightwhisker, sat down. Sunpaw settled back and Applefoot stepped forward. "I've been receiving dreams from Lilycloud, trying to be returned to the "light side" as she calls it. As

if!" She snorted, and Lilytail let out a growl. "She's stupider than fox dung."

"Right, I've been talking with Cloverfur, and everything's going perfect. That Cinderpaw is sicker and sicker by the day. Clover's poisoning her. Apparently if you squeeze a little deathberry juice onto some catmint leaves and give it to a cat, it'll poison them. She's been giving it to her for the past moon. She's an evil genius!"

Sunpaw's breath caught in her throat. Cloverfur was *poisoning* Cinderpaw?! But *why*?

"And," Applefoot added, "I've figured something out. Silverstar's on her last life. If I can kill her soon... Then I can take over the Clans."

Sunpaw growled. Loudly. Applefoot looked up, as did all the other cats, and Sunpaw, terrified and horrified, quickly stood and hurried around the side of the trunk. She leaped away through the branches of the trees. "Follow her, Minnowflight!" She heard Applefoot yowl, so she ran harder, pushing through everything she had, and finally she reached the maples that lined camp. She could feel Minnowflight's breath hot on her tail, and she leaped off the branch. She realized she was falling awkwardly. She rolled and scrambled to her paws, then into the apprentice den. She swiftly ran into her nest and fell asleep, her breath coming hard and fast.

She didn't know where Minnowflight was. But she hoped to StarClan that she hadn't seem her.

AHH! OH MY STARCLAN!!! SERIOUSLY!! There was so much stuffffff!!!!!! Lol

Tomorrow I have a karate test! Going for my purple belt! Awesome and I love purple! Yeah! Wish me luck!

I also got no silent reader notes 😓 oh well

Hope you enjoyed, and I have to go. Thanks for reading! Also, please tell me your reactions. I bet you're all shocked. Especially at the Cloverfur stuff :P oh man that sounded conceited... JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU THOUGHT lol :D thank

you!!!!!

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Six

Sunpaw blinked open her eyes in the Dark Forest. She let out a quiet groan. All she wanted was a few nights away from the place, and yet-

"Well, Sunpaw, long time no see."

Sunpaw recognized the deep meow of Lionscar. She turned behind and wasn't surprised to see that he looked annoyed.

She took a moment to really scrutinize him. His pelt was black as night and muscles rippled underneath his thick fur. His eyes, narrowed in anger, were crystal blue. His paws were huge and strong, and they paws the ground. Sunpaw looked back up. "I've been busy."

He rolled his eyes. "That won't cut it. Come on, we are having a test."

She followed him, glowering. He led her through the forest. Mist trailed around her legs, and her nose twitched at the putrid scent that wafted into her nose. Finally they arrived where they were going. Sunpaw tossed her head and looked up in boredom to face her opponent.

It was Oakpaw.

Sunpaw gazed at the brown tabby tom. Hatred filled his stare as he looked at her. His amber eyes were dull, and his fur was matted. He looked like he hadn't cleaned himself for days. Sunpaw blinked. Why? Was he upset? About her choosing Goldleaf?

"Hello, Sunpaw," He meowed. It was more of a snarl, his voice was filled with malice, anger, and, something Sunpaw could barely detect: hurt.

She forced herself to reply. "Oakpaw."

"No time for catching up! Fight! Now!" A silver tabby tom screeched. Sunpaw looked up in surprise. "I-"

She caught her breath as Oakpaw barreled into her, pinning her easily. She squirmed as he pinned her. She was surprised by his weight. He placed a heavy paw down on her throat, but Sunpaw kicked out with her hind paws. She caught him in the chest, throwing him back. He landed with a thud at the base of a tree.

I can't hurt him! Sunpaw thought wildly as she looked around. "Finish it, Sunpaw!" Lionscar shouted. Luckily, Oakpaw staggered to his paws and charged toward Sunpaw. A sudden rage lit in her stomach. If he was going to fight, she would fight right back.

She sidestepped and then whipped around, then chased him and raked his claws down his flanks. He let out a grunt and rolled. His forepaw jabbed at her head, but she ducked nimbly and his paw swiped at midair. She chased at him until she was standing over him. "This was over quickly, Oakpaw," she hissed.

Oakpaw blinked, and she watched as his eyes slowly filled with something she couldn't quite grasp. "Kill, Sunpaw!" Lionscar screeched savagely. Sunpaw looked back down on him, her paw still poised over him to kill.

She reached down, and, trying not to think about what she was doing, sank her claw into his throat. She looked back down at the tom, trying not to remember how she had felt before.

How she had felt like she might have loved him.

Suddenly, she knew she couldn't do it. She wrenched her claw free from his neck and turned tail, racing back the way she had come.

Oh man I updated sooooo fast XD don't get used to it! My friend was nagging meeeee :(

AHH! SUNPAW HAS RUN! I REPEAT SUNPAW HAS RUN

Bye!

~ ✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Seven

Sunpaw tore through the forest, weaving frantically around the trees. Brambles snaked out and tore at her legs, but still she crashed through. She heard heated breathing behind her, and dimly realized that it was the second time she was being chased in two days. "Leave her!" She heard Lionscar shout. But she didn't stop running, even after she heard the cracks of brambles behind her die down.

She slowed to a trot, padding through the forest she was now familiar with. The thoug depressed her. "Where am I?" She wondered aloud. She stopped, and turned. *I think Lionscar took me that way*, she thought. *So I have to go this way.*

She turned in the direction she had decided upon and walked. But soon, she realized that she was going the wrong way. She turned around, ready to go back to where she had started and go another direction.

But the way back was unclear, every route swallowed by mist.

Sunpaw fought against the panic that threatened to take her over. Okay, okay, relax, Sunpaw, it's okay. It's okay! Come on, you'll be fine. Just-

Her thoughts were interrupted by a crackling twig. She spun around.

There was Cloverfur.

"Sunpaw?" Cloverfur mewed in surprise. Sunpaw stared at the gray medicine cat. What was she doing here, in the place of evil, in the place of secrets and lies and the very opposite of StarClan? Then she remembered that Cloverfur was in league with Applefoot. That she was poisoning Cinderpaw. Blood roared in her ears, anger washing through her. "I can see why you're here," she snarled. "A medicine cat, supposed to heal their Clan. No, no, tis medicine cat decided to poison the cats who needed her. Cinderpaw! She could die? Don't

you realize? You evil, despicible, she... She... She-*BEAR*!"

Cloverfur fired up. "And how would you know that? Spying, I suppose? Good thing to tell Applefoot, I think!"

Sunpaw felt a brief prick of panic, but dismissed it. She didn't need to worry. She could beat Applefoot in a fight if she needed to. "Yes, actually. And I know exactly who you've recruited. And I could go to Silverstar right as soon as I woke up and tell her!"

Cloverfur sneered at her. "But you won't. Because, Sunpaw, it's night, and we're both stuck here. But I know this forest much better than you, and I know things. I know you just pulled your claw out of Oakpaw's throat. You didn't kill him. I know Lionscar is absolutely *furious* at you right now. And guess what? I've been going here for a long time. I know all their tricks. Because I was taught by the best, the legendary Hollystar."

Sunpaw's blood heated up. "Hollystar?"

"The original leader of HollyClan. Hollystar was evil, and was killed by all three of the other leaders. But she taught her Clan everything about how to fight well. She's legendary, revered, feared, by every cat in the Clans.

"And I," Cloverfur mewed, smiling sinisterly, "Am going to kill you, Sunpaw. Right here, right now. To impress Hollystar. Who is... Right... Behind... You."

I AM SO SORRY! I AM SO, SO, SO SORRY FOR NOT UPDATING!

I had an awful case of writer's block. It took me talking to @Swift_Jay to get an idea. So she came up with the idea for this chapter ;)

Also, I had homework (of course) and was being very very lazy. Did you know that I have clarinet every other day, but I've already lost my clarinet on the bus once, and forgot it three times??? DX and apparently I need to get my math and science grades up .O. And I have a social studies test tomorrow that is very long apparently. Dang it. I should be studying, I

guess... Oh well.

REMINDER:
~ NEXT TIME YOU GO TO THE LIBRARY, GET MAXIMUM RIDE! It's literally the best book ever (besides Warriors!) and I've read all eight books. I'm working on the second time. I never knew I could read three 300 page books in two days :O and my friend is still on the sixth book FOR THE FIRST TIME *facepalm* he got me into it! for StarClan's sake! The first book is "The Angel Experiment", the second is "School's Out- Forever" and the third is "Saving the World and Other Extreme Sports". The author is James Patterson. They're amazing!

Bye!

~ ✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

HAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! GUESS WHAT?! I FOUND A THINGIE AND IT TELLS ME WHO'S READING! YASS!!!!!!!!

Sorry. I just had ice cream

Chapter Eight

Bold = Sunpaw. Italics = ... 😈

Sunpaw's blood ran cold. "I-I-" was all she could manage, before Cloverfur leaped.

The light gray medicine cat landed right in front of her lightly, then slashed at her muzzle with unsheathed claws. Sunpaw jumped back, instincts snapping into play. *Dodge, weave, leap, slash, hold on to the back*, she thought as she preformed moves she had learned.

Cloverfur rained blow upon blow down on her at every chance she got, her cold amber eyes glistening with anger. Sunpaw ducked, evading her strikes, and slid underneath her, slicing a claw into her belly. Cloverfur screeched and dropped onto Sunpaw.

Sunpaw tried to inhale, but got a mouth of cold, stinking fur. *Kick!* She reminded herself. She gathered strength into her legs and thrust them outwards. Cloverfur flew off her.

"I'm... Going... To... Kill... You!" Cloverfur grunted as she slashed. Sunpaw felt a slap of pain as Cloverfur sliced a claw down her muzzle. Ouch!

Sunpaw, do the leap and hold move, a voice said in her head. Sunpaw felt a prick of concern. **Who are you and what are you doing in my head??**

I'm a part of you. And I'm telling you to do the leap and hold move, because she's coming and she's going to do the death move!

Sunpaw flicked her paws upward in a leap and soared forward, her tail momentarily stuck in a bramble that had been swallowed by the mist. She wrenched it free, and flew through the air, until she landed on Cloverfur. She dug her back claws in, the way Lionscar had taught her only the night before. Cloverfur let out a derisive hiss. "Lionscar move, eh? Don't think you can outsmart me."

With a snarl, she threw Sunpaw to the ground, pinning her with a shoulder. Sunpaw felt a splash of pure panic. She's got me!

Cloverfur grinned, and slashed a claw down Sunpaw's stomach. Sunpaw screeched as hot, sick pain rushed down her. She fumbled weakly, but still Cloverfur held on. The medicine cat smiled down at her. "Guess I've killed you, good. Another thing to cross off my agenda!"

"Why do you hate me so much?" Sunpaw wheezed. Even talking was an effort now. What was that hot, red stuff pooling around her? And what was that black stuff on the sides of her vision?

Cloverfur started to talk, but broke off. "Well, gotta go. See you in the morning... Not!"

She sprang away into the darkness, leaving Sunpaw broken and bleeding on the ground.

Mwahahahahaha my best cliffie yet! >:)

Update soon. I think I like this, every three or so days?

Wow, I'm unoriginal. These are really stupid author's notes XD

Well... Um... I just had chocolate sauce. A lot. So I'll be going crazy in three... Two... One... YAAAAAY HIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIIIIIIII...

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Nine

Lilycloud paced around the clearing, her amber eyes watching the pool intently. "Oh dear StarClan..."

"Is she alright?" Frost asked. Lilycloud shook her head. "Cloverfur really hurt her. She needs help."

"Doveheart. Send Doveheart to help her!" Raintail meowed. Lilycloud nodded. "I feel it may be our only choice. Doveheart, come here."

The light gray-former medicine cat stepped out into the light filtering in through the trees. "We need you to go to the Place Of No Stars, and heal Sunpaw," Lilycloud mewed. Doveheart glanced into the pool, and saw Sunpaw's condition. "I-"

"Please, Doveheart!" Frost exclaimed. Doveheart turned to her, shocked to see such emotion flooding from the usually-contained she cat. "Alright," Doveheart agreed finally. "Where is she?"

"On the edge of the forest," Lilycloud said. "You'll be able to be there in heartbeats. Please, hurry, or the Clans will certainly perish!"

Doveheart nodded and Raintail passed her a roll of leaves, some wet moss, and cobwebs. "The very freshest herbs in all of StarClan," he meowed. "Go, Doveheart, and heal the pool of sun."

Doveheart nodded and turned, springing away. "I hope she makes it," Lilycloud murmured. Raintail nodded.

~*~

Doveheart ran through the forest of StarClan, trying to get to the Dark Forest as quickly as possible. "Come on, come on," she muttered as she pushed herself farther. Finally the trees began to thin, and the ground became buggier. Dark shadows loomed at the

front of her vision, filling her with terror, but she stayed calm. *I will find Sunpaw*. Without a second glance back at StarClan, she hurled herself into the Dark Forest.

Doveheart paused, sniffing the air. She smelled blood. But not sour, angry-smelling blood that sent her sprawling, nearly blinded by the smell. No, this blood was pure, and fresh. *Sunpaw!*

She raced forward, following the tang of the blood until she came across a clearing.

There lay Sunpaw, a small, shriveled-looking body lying in a pool of blood in the middle of the clearing. A sudden, fleeting day of moonlight shone down, making Sunpaw's blood flash. A voice spoke in Doveheart's head. "*A pool of sun will glow and light the Clans from within, and the gold, the cinders, and the lightning shall rise as the apple casts a dark glow on the Clans. The sun will die and the apple shall rule all as the Clans are thrust into an unending darkness."*

The prophecy! Doveheart thought. But then the moonlight faded, and she had work to do. She raced forward, stepping gingerly through the pool of blood until she reached Sunpaw.

With trembling paws, she began her work.

~*~

Sunpaw opened her eyes, groaning. Every inch of her hurt. How was she not dead? She weakly raised her head and looked around. Everything was dark. So she was still in the dark forest.

"Lie back down," A voice said. Sunpaw tensed. *Who is this*? "Who are you?" She shrieked. The cat claimed a tail over her mouth. "Sh! It's only me, Doveheart. Cloverfur almost killed you, so Lilycloud sent me to help you. Just a few more minutes, and I'll be done. Here, drink this water."

She pushed a wet wad of moss over to her. Sunpaw lapped at it. "Now, go back to sleep, and when you wake up, go right to Featherpelt," Doveheart said. Sunpaw obediently closed her eyes, then opened them. "And if Cloverfur's there?"

Doveheart caressed her gently with her tail. "Run," she whispered, before Sunpaw spiraled into sleep.

Yay the chapter is up!

What did you guys think of switching between Sunpaw, Doveheart, and the general StarClan POV? I think I liked it. I am proud of myself for getting the next chapter out.

Doveheart. I like that cat. Anyone catch anything funny with her name? Think: Doveheart. Dove. Heart. *Cackle*

Tell me what you think of the chapter! Bye!

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeathr ✧🐱✧

Chapter Ten

Moonpaw thrashed awake, panting. The moonlight shone down from the little holes in the ceiling of the apprentice den. She looked around. What had awoken her? Something didn't feel right. Maybe that was it.

Her gaze fell on Gingerpaw, sleeping beside her. Their nests were at the front. If she strained her eyes, she could just see Sunpaw's slumbering form-

Wait a mouse length. Where was Sunpaw?

Moonpaw got up quietly and picked her way over to Sunpaw's nest.

Sunpaw was not there. She was not in her nest.

Moonpaw ran out the den, passing through the small cave and out into the open, where she looked around frantically. No silver and black tabby.

She pressed her paws into the ground. "I need to find her," she whispered. "I need to find Sunpaw!"

She went back into the apprentice den and sniffed Sunpaw's nest. Getting a good scent, she followed it out into the forest, determined to find her missing denmate.

~*~

"Sunpaw. Open your eyes."

Sunpaw blinked open her eyes and was instantly hit by a shock of white hot pain. "Ow!" She shrieked before she could stop herself. "Shh," said another voice. Doveheart. Doveheart passed her a small black seed. "Eat that. It'll help with the pain."

Sunpaw was in too much agony to argue. She crunched down the seed. "Where am I?" She asked. She was in a forest, but not the dark

forest. The oak trees stretched high and their leaves sent cooling air down onto the cats below. Sunpaw tilted her head slightly to find the cats in the clearing. Raintail, who had spoken first. Doveheart. Lilycloud. A black and gray cat she didn't recognize. And- her breath hitched- Frost.

"Frost," she growled. "So you got into StarClan. You all must have had some judgement issues that day. I pity you."

"No, Sunpaw, stop," Lilycloud began. But Frost stood up elegantly, her tail flicking over Lilycloud's mouth. "No, no, Lilycloud. Let me tell her."

"Tell me what?" Sunpaw demanded. Her wounds ached like white fire. Frost turned to her. "Well, you see, Sunpaw, I'm one cat in your head. I'm a part of that voice you heard during the battle."

Hello! ^_^

Did you like Moonpaw being a part of that? I think I do. I'll probably be switching between cats. Even in different Clans.

Here's a small list of who will probably be cats P.O.Ved.

Nah, you didn't think it'd be *THAT* easy, did you? Silly ^_^. I'm keeping you in the dark :)

Later, Pixiesdust Masterz!

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Eleven

[image]

Goldleaf breathed evenly, his eyes shut as he dreamed. He was swimming in a peaceful lake. He had been trying to get better at swimming ever since Sunpaw had gone with him to the lake when she first joined the Clan.

He glided smoothly through the water, his paws churning in the current. His fur was plastered to his body, and he ducked under, blowing a stream of bubbles out from his nose. It was peaceful here.

"Goldleaf!" A voice yowled. Goldleaf started, jerking to a halt in his swimming. He sunk a few cat lengths, then resurfaced to face the cat who had yowled. He was hit by a wave of shock- the cat was his mother, Wrenfeather. "Goldleaf. I have been watching you. But I must tell you this," she said, not waiting for him to speak.

Goldleaf shook his head. "No! No, please. What's going on? There's something weird here, I know it."

Wrenfeather shook her head, mimicking her son. "Alas, I cannot tell you nearly all that you need to know. But keep this in mind- you must protect the sun, if you want the Clans to survive, for the sun is the key to it all."

Goldleaf growled. "I don't understand!"

Wrenfeather began to fade. "Good bye, my son," she whispered.

~*~

Cinderpaw moaned and rolled over, every inch of her simultaneously burning hot and ice cold. She felt her nose running, but made no effort to stop it- she simply couldn't find the energy. She knew she had greencough- or maybe even blackcough, as did Frostpaw, lying in a fever-induced dream beside her. She heard snippets of conversation from Featherpelt to her mother, Willowfur,

when she regained consciousness for moments, and every time the light gray tom looked grim.

She tried to fluff her fur out, to release some of the heat trapped beneath her, then made it lie flat again. She was so cold- yet so hot, so burning hot that it hurt to breathe. She didn't know what was wrong with her, but she just wanted to be healthy again.

Her legs kicked out in an uncontrollable spasm; they were tense and jerky, her muscles and tendons clenched. She had to fight this. She had to fight the sickness. The catmint that Cloverfur gave her didn't seem to be working- there was something off about it that she couldn't quite place.

Suddenly, Mistnose appeared to her. She gasped. Was she cured? No, she still felt sick. Maybe she was dead, and her grandmother was guiding her to StarClan. But no, that couldn't be right. Wasn't pain supposed to subside when you died?

"Cinderpaw! Oh, thank StarClan you're alright. My dear, you gave us all quite a scare. You should be alright soon- just follow me. Listen very carefully," the silvery-gray tabby she cat said rapidly. Cinderpaw felt too sick to reply, but Mistnose kept going. "You must not trust Cloverfur. It is your destiny to kill her. You must not trust her, ever. Do you hear me? Do not eat the food or herbs she brings you. Do not drink her water. Do you understand?"

Akthough Cinderpaw could not reply, Mistnose seemed to know what she was saying. "Good girl," she muttered. "Well, I'd best leave and report to Lilycloud. Bye now, dear!" And she disappeared without another sound, leaving Cinderpaw to wonder if she was finally so sick that she was going insane.

~*~

Lightningfeather lay on his bed of moss in the warrior's den, staring out into the open. Near to him, Applefoot lay neatly curled up in a ball. He sighed, glancing over at her. No matter what, she still was his sister, his littermate. But that never seemed to matter to her.

Cinderpaw was still ill, and he was still mad at Goldleaf, and

Sunpaw was distant. Who could he turn to? His mother hated him, and his father was dead. He felt so alone.

"Lightningfeather."

He snapped his head backwards so fast it hurt. Growling slightly from the pain, he squinted to try and make out the figure in the shadows. He sniffed. Nothing, except a strange aroma of rain, and night.

"Lightningfeather, walk with me," the voice said again, and at that moment, Lightningfeather knew exactly who it was: his father, Lightningcloud. But- he was dead! How could he be here, when he had died moons ago? Lightningcloud seemed to sense his son's question. "Walk with me," he said again. "I cannot stay long."

He turned and stepped out of the den. Lightningfeather got to his feet and followed his father, who he had been named for.

Lightningcloud walked into the forest, his son trailing behind him. He turned to look at Lightningfeather. "Your role in this, Lightingfeather, is to be the spy."

"What?" Lightningfeather asked, narrowing his eyes in confusion. Lightningcloud nodded, his eyes fixed firmly on Lightningfeather's. Lightningfeather dropped his gaze, and Lightningcloud sighed. "You must be the spy, Lightningfeather. That is all you need to know. Whether you spy for the right or the wrong side- who is to know? It all depends on what you believe in, my son."

He rested his muzzle on Lightningfeather's head and melted away into the darkness.

Yo.

More new info coming your way- I've decided that this series will actually be cut down to a trilogy. Three books.

So that means that these next book and a half will be reeeeeeallllyyyyy long. ^=^ just a head's up.

Also- just to tell you, I have a really, really packed schedule.

You wanna know it? Here.

Monday: Get home from school at 2:45. Do homework. Eat dinner. Soccer practice till 9:30. Go to bed.

Tuesday: Get home from school at 2:45. Do homework. Go to Chinese lessons until 7:00. Eat dinner. Small study time, do clarinet, shower. Go to bed.

Wednesday: Get home from school at 2:45. Do homework. Go to CCD. Come back. Have dinner. Go to soccer practice until 9:30. Go to bed.

Thursday: Get home at 2:45. Do homework. Go to karate at 4:15. Come back at 6:45. Eat dinner. Small study space, do clarinet, shower. Go to bed.

Friday: Get home at 2:45. Do homework (Ugh). Go to dance at 4:30. Go to friend's house till 9:45. Go to bed.

Saturday: Soccer, and any weekend things, like birthday parties, Gaelic Football (My brother) matches and practices, Chinese homework, MORE clarinet, etc.

Sunday: Pretty much same as Saturday.

So yeah, not many updates coming along. Sorry! :

But yay! Long chapter! :) And the picture is Sunpaw ;)

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Update

Heyo! Listen, I'm super happy right now. As you know, I want the best for Snowfall. I'm really happy right now because it's reached over 600 views! And Dreams of Shadows is over 1,000 views! What?! This is awesome. Thank you everyone!

~ ✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Twelve

Sunpaw sighed. "Doveheart, can I *please* get up now?!"

Doveheart shook her head. "No! I'm still working. Lilycloud, could you please go get the Starlake Herb?"

Lilycloud nodded and bounded away. "What's the Starlake Herb?" Sunpaw asked. Doveheart sighed. "It's an herb that can heal only the sickest cats. We have decided to use it on Cinderpaw."

"What? Really? That's excellent!" Sunpaw shrieked. Doveheart hissed. "Relax, or else I won't be able to finish healing you! Raintail, come here. You too, Frost."

Sunpaw breathed more evenly when she realized that Cinderpaw wouldn't die, even considering the fact that Cloverfur was poisoning her. She knew what she needed to do- kill Applefoot and Cloverfur.

It was the only way. But, she realized something. In the prophecy, she was the sun. She knew that. But the prophecy announced that the sun would die.

Well, she was just going to have to change that prophecy. The power of the stars would rule over all, and they would decide her fate.

~*~

Applefoot walked out of the warriors' den, her blue eyes darting around the camp. She had to sort patrols. She smiled to herself as she thought up patrol ideas. *Sunpaw can go on a patrol with Stonewhisker... And Skypelt will have to go, I suppose. And Shadowfur will go too; that's two of my supporters, and they can hunt near FlowerClan. I heard there's been some tenseness there, between Sunpaw and an apprentice... Maybe they'll meet up and have a fight....*

She padded over to the fresh kill pile and took a squirrel from it,

enjoying the meatiness of it. There was snow lightly dusting the camp's floor. She finished off the squirrel, but was still hungry. She got up and walked over to the fresh kill pile again, this time choosing a trout. She devoured it in quick bites.

Someone snickered. She whipped around, eyes blazing. She felt heavy, like sleep hadn't left her yet, and very hot under her pelt. Her stomach churned. "Who laughed?!"

"Looks like someone's been stocking up on fresh kill..."

"StarClan, I think Applefoot's decided to go into hibernation..."

"Holy mud- I think the queens may have a new denmate!"

What were they talking about?! She hissed at the group of cats who had gathered near the fresh kill pile. "Mind your own business!"

She turned and strutted into the forest, feeling the chill slightly. She didn't feel very well; maybe she should go see Featherpelt when she got back. Now, she just wanted to hunt. She had forgotten about the patrols for the moment.

~*~

Goldleaf watched as Applefoot strutted out, feeling like a stone had decided to drop into his belly. Things had just gotten a whole lot more complicated. Applefoot looked like she was expecting kits- and they seemed to be his.

Oooooh StarClan! This is finally getting really interesting!!!! Yay!!!

Sorry for the probably-late update- I had this all written out on a train, but since I had no wifi because it was on my iPad.... Yeah. No uppie-date.

Also, who wants to join my Warrior Cats RP? The only one to join was Swiftie Jay Jay (@Swift_Jay my bud :D)

Bye! I hope you enjoyed the chapter!

~✧🐱✧ **Rainfeather** ✧🐱✧

Ugh Another Thing

Guys.

I just realized.

I.
Have.
275.
Followers.

WHAT?!

My 275th follower was... @sheschasingthestars!!!!!!!

So, I have decided to write an entirely new book. Any ideas? Comment them below! Beat comment, and I will write the book.

THANK YOU! *hugs*

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Thirteen

Doveheart stepped back from Sunpaw, surveying her carefully. Then she nodded. "You're done."

Sunpaw shouted. "Yay!" She leaped to her paws and shook out her legs. They were heavy from lack of use. "Just be careful," Lilycloud cautioned. She was sitting next to a bundle of leaves. "The power of StarClan cannot heal everything."

Sunpaw rolled her eyes. "That's awesome. Can I *go*?!"

"Wait!" Raintail mewed. Lilycloud nudged the bundle of herbs over to Sunpaw. She looked down at them. A lovely aroma emanated from them- like flowers and streams and fish. They seemed to shine with an unearthly light. They were red and gold and green, with small underhints of blue. Small, feathery blossoms sprouted from the sticks. Sunpaw drew back from the beautiful things and looked at Lilycloud inquiringly.

Lilycloud blinked. "Give these to Cinderpaw. And Frostpaw, if you want."

Sunpaw nodded. "Alright, you can-" Lilycloud began, but Doveheart cut her off. "Sunpaw? I want a private word."

Sunpaw nodded and walked away from the group with Doveheart. The former medicine cat looked at her. "Sunpaw, just remember- Snow will bring danger to the Clan."

Sunpaw dropped the bundle of herbs and blinked up at Doveheart in confusion. "What?"

Doveheart was beginning to fade. "There's no time now. Just remember- snow will bring danger to the Clan. And that one cat has the power to change anything."

~*~

Moonpaw streaked through the forest, sniffing loudly as she panicked and grasped for anything that might help her find her denmate. "Sunpaw!" She called.

The ground still had dots of blood on it, some long trails, some just little specks that showed up brightly in the quickly falling snow. She needed to find her denmate- she didn't know why, but something drove her to find Sunpaw.

She seemed really, really important.

She ran through the forest, feeling the wet coldness of snow on her back as the cold flakes began to fall. She pushed herself harder and faster, then suddenly pulled to a stop.

Laying on the ground was Sunpaw, her body bloodstained but stitched together with cobwebs, and holding a bunch of herbs in her paws.

The bad thing was, she wasn't sure if Sunpaw was breathing.

Heyo! Sup people! How are ya?

Yeah, a cliffhanger. Woo hoo. Sorry, not in a very good mood right now xD my brother is annoying meh.

Bye!

~✧ 🐱 ✧Grumpyfeather✧ 🐱 ✧

Chapter Fourteen

Moonpaw shrieked, not caring that she might wake someone. "Sunpaw! Sunpaw!! Great StarClan, SUNPAW!!"

She seemed to not be moving. Moonpaw thrust a paw into her side. *What in the name of-*

Sunpaw gave a gasp, and her body heaved. She sat up, and Moonpaw felt relief flood through her. "Sunpaw! Are you alright?! What *happened*?" She asked frantically. Sunpaw looked around. "What- where are we?"

Moonpaw sighed. "In the forest. Come on, we have to get you back to camp. What *happened*?! What's that you've got?"

Sunpaw glanced down at a bundle of leaves at her paws. Her eyes widened and she grabbed them. "N-Nothing. Listen, Moonpaw, please, don't mention this to anyone. Forget about it. Keep it between you and me. Whatever. Just don't tell *anyone.* Not even Gingerpaw or Snowblaze."

Moonpaw blinked. "Why can't I?"

"Because... I can't tell you. But just remember this- if you want to survive, then you won't tell anyone I was missing. I wasn't gone *too* long, *right?"*

"No, just tonight."

"Good."

~*~

Sunpaw trotted back to camp with Moonpaw just as the sky grew lighter. The apprentice chatted, but she zoned her out, trying to find a way to make everyone ignore her cobweb bandages. She decided to say she'd gotten a few scrapes overnight while on a walk and that Featherpelt had bandaged her up.

That was another thing- her medicine cat. She knew she would have to stay out of the way of Cloverfur, since she had just tried to kill her. She couldn't believe that Cloverfur, a medicine cat, would dare train in the Dark Forest. She wished she could expose her, but she was smart enough to know that Silverstar would want to know how she knew that Cloverfur was an elite member of the Dark Forest.

No, she was just going to have to live with her.

"Is anyone on watch?" She asked Moonpaw, cutting her off in one of her sentences. Moonpaw nodded. "Okay, we'll have to go this way," Sunpaw said. She lead Moonpaw around the way that she and Lightingfeather had gone the day they had tried to visit Cinderpaw. It seemed so long ago, now.

"Get to bed," Sunpaw said. "I'll be in in a second. I just have to, uh, make dirt."

Moonpaw nodded and headed into the apprentice den. Taking a deep breath, Sunpaw slipped into the medicine den.

I hope I don't wake anyone, she thought as she looked around. The medicine cats slept in a seperate room than the sick or injured cats, which should make what Sunpaw was about to do a lot easier.

Sunpaw looked around carefully. She spotted Cinderpaw's nest and crept over. Even in the bad lighting, Sunpaw could see that Cinderpaw was on the verge of death. Anger washed through her as she remembered Cloverfur saying that she was poisoning her. Some day, she would get her. Some day, she would kill her. But first, she needed to heal Cinderpaw.

Sunpaw swallowed and poked Cinderpaw in the shoulder. She didn't move.

Sunpaw poked her harder. Cinderpaw still didn't move. Sunpaw began to feel panicked, and pressed her ear to Cinderpaw's chest. The heartbeat was there, but incredibly faint.

Cinderpaw was on the door of death.

Sunpaw gasped. She wasn't a trained medicine cat, but it sounded

like Cinderpaw would die any moment. She didn't care that she might be infected by the sick fumes coming up from Cinderpaw and Frostpaw. Her mind was racing. Could she wake Featherpelt? No, she might not have time, and she might make Cloverfur.

She would have to do it herself.

Trembling, she pushed Cinderpaw's mouth open. The inside of her mouth was a sickly, pale white and her breath stank. Sunpaw gagged, but turned and unwrapped the herb package and began to chew up the leaves like she had seen Featherpelt do when a cat needed herbs put on wounds.

She spat the pulp onto her paw, then shook it onto a broad leaf that was bright red, and had been used to hold the Starlake Herb. Praying, she folded it up and pushed it into Cinderpaw's mouth.

She waited tensely, then decided to give some to Frostpaw to, as she had a little left over. She repeated what she had done to Cinderpaw.

As soon as she sent the leaf down Frostpaw's throat, she heard a cough. She whipped around, hoping that Cinderpaw wasn't dead.

Quite the contrary: Cinderpaw was blinking at her with milky eyes. "Whashappenin'?" She asked, her voice slurred.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!!!!! CINDERPAW IS ALIVE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

:):):)

Expect another update soon, maybe today. I had a half day and pretty much no homework, so I decided to update! :D

I hope you all liked the chapter! And to answer questions, there will be a super edition. Maybe another series. But definitely a super edition. Well, there will be a short story thing on my profile after this is finished, so you can all look at that so you have a little information before the super edition. It will most likely be called "Mistfall's Destiny", although it may change.

Please vote or comment, or both! :D

~✧🐱✧Rainfeather✧🐱✧

Chapter Fifteen

Sunpaw rushed over to Cinderpaw. "Cinderpaw! You're alive!" She gasped, forgetting momentarily to be quiet. Cinderpaw looked at her quizzically. "What do you mean 'I'm alive'? Of *course* I'm alive! Why wouldn't I be?"

Sunpaw stared at Cinderpaw. "Don't you remember? You've had the worst case of greencough ever- maybe even blackcough. Don't you remember when Lightningfeather and I came to see you?"

Cinderpaw furrowed her brow, thinking. "I- I don't know," she admitted. "I think-"

She swayed on the spot. Sunpaw realized in a flash that she couldn't be fully healed- that would take time. "Just lie down," she meowed. "Rest."

"Sunpaw, where is Lightningfeather?" Cinderpaw mumbled. Sunpaw sighed. "He'll come see you in the morning. Just go to sleep, alright?"

Cinderpaw answered with a raspy snore and Sunpaw backed out of the den.

~*~

The next morning, Silverstar called a meeting. "All cats old enough to climb Sky Tree gather beneath the Rock Pile for a Clan meeting!"

Sunpaw sleepily pulled herself out of her nest and padded out of the den, ignoring Moonpaw's gaze on her back. She sat down in the clearing, the weak dawn light lighting the sky. She ignored the rumbling of her belly and watched Silverstar.

"Featherpelt has told me that Frostpaw and Cinderpaw both woke up much better today, for reasons unknown. He has consented to tell me that they will be ready to go back to training in a few days."

The assembled cats let out a cheer. "Frostpaw! Cinderpaw!"

Sunpaw cheered along, thinking, *It was me who healed them.*

"That is all," Silverstar mewed, hopping down from the Rock Pile. "No!" Someone called. *Applefoot.* The name sent a bolt of hatred down Sunpaw's spine. "I have news," The silver tabby she cat heaved herself up onto the Rock Pile. Sunpaw looked at her, and saw she looked... bulky. Like she'd been eating a lot of prey.

"It has come to my attention," Applefoot announced formally. Sunpaw rolled her eyes. *She is so full of it,* Sunpaw thought. "That I am expecting kits," Applefoot finished.

That was something Sunpaw didn't expect.

~*~

"What in the name of StarClan, Goldleaf?!" Sunpaw raged. After Applefoot had made her world-stopping announcement, Whietswirl had gotten onto the Rock Pile and announced that his surviving kits had been named- the she cat Poppykit and the tom Pidgeonkit. Sunpaw had been sent off by Skypelt to do a hunting assessment, and Goldleaf had found her.

"I didn't know she was expecting kits!" Goldleaf protested. Sunpaw rolled her eyes. "Sure. Because, as her *mate,* she *totally* wouldn't tell you that she was expecting *your* kits!"

"Actually, she *didn't,* Sunpaw. And I-"

Sunpaw cut him off. Anger boiled in her. She couldn't believe that, when she had just started to trust him again, Goldleaf had gone and betrayed her. "Remember Moonpaw?" She shouted. "Remember her? Remember how you *loved* her? And then she *died?* Guess who killed her?! APPLEFOOT!"

In a flash, Goldleaf had her pinned to the forest floor, his face inches from hers, his paw pushing down on her chest. "Don't go there," he snarled. "Don't. Leave Moonpaw out of this."

Sunpaw slapped his paw off her chest and wriggled out of his grip,

leaping back to her paws. "I will not! You *loved* her Goldleaf. Or at least, you thought you did. And Applefoot saw that, got jealous, and *killed* her. Do you *hear* me?! She. Killed. Her."

"Don't you think I know that?!" Goldleaf bellowed. "I *know* that she killed her. And I'm her mate anyway. And do you *want* to know why? Huh? *DO YOU?!"*

Secretly, Sunpaw was a little afraid of Goldleaf. She stared at him, seething in anger, and was almost knocked off her paws by the powerful waves of emotion coming off him. Anger, resentment, and something else she didn't recognize.

"Not really!" She growled, but Goldleaf answered anyway. "For *you,* you idiot! I'm her mate for *you.* To protect you. I don't love Applefoot. I love you!"

With that, he turned and ran into the depths of the forest. Sunpaw didn't follow. *He- he said...*

She did the only thing she could think of. She went into lockdown mode, pushed Goldleaf's confession to the back of her mind, and continued hunting.

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! WRITING THIS CHAPTER WAS SO MUCH FUN!!

So *that's* why Goldleaf is mates with Applefoot. Why he'll be a father soon... >:)

Ummmmm.... what to say. Oh yeah! Duh! Cinderpaw and Frostpaw will be back to training soon! Yay! Happy!

:D

~Rainfeather

Chapter Sixteen

[image]

Sunpaw continued to brush what Goldleaf had said to the back of her mind. *If you ignore it, it never happened.*

Still, her hunting was slightly off, and she missed most of her forest hunting. She spent the few remaining hours until sunset, when she had to get back, trying to find a river where she could fish. Eventually, she went to the one near the HollyClan border, and caught six silver fish.

She was leaning over the river, her eyes fixed on a fish slowly swimming towards her, when she felt a hard push in her back. Caught off guard, she toppled into the river and was instantly soaked by the freezing water.

"Fox dung!" She muttered. She turned around angrily. "What was that?!"

Two fat cats were rolling around in laughter. Sunpaw glanced over them carefully. There was a light gray tom with dark gray flecks, and a gray-brown tabby she cat with amber eyes.

Sunpaw glowered at the laughing cats. She shook out her fur violently, and to her satisfaction freezing drops spattered onto their fur. She let out a growl, and they stopped laughing.

"Excuse me, was there any specific reason that you decided to shove me in the river?" Sunpaw asked icily. The tom snorted. "Yeah. So we could see your expression!"

That sent him and his companion into fits of laughter again.

Sunpaw rolled her eyes. *Idiots*. She walked up to the she cat, swiped a paw across her head so that she stopped laughing for a moment, and advanced to the tom. She unsheathed her claws and ripped them down his nose. He leaped to his paws. "Hey! What was that

for?!"

"To teach you a lesson!" Sunpaw snarled. "I could kill you in one swipe, kitty. But I'm giving you a chance to explain yourself. So explain, unless you want to die."

"We-" The she cat started, but a flash of fur danced into Sunpaw's sight. "Hazel! Mint! Get back!" A calico she cat meowed loudly. She pressed herself in front of them, and her gaze fell on Sunpaw. "Who-who are you?" She asked in a quavering tone.

"I'm Sunpaw, and you have three seconds to explain what you're doing here, who you are, and why they pushed me in the river," Sunpaw snapped. The she cat blinked. "I'm Stanley, and this is Hazel and Mint. We're-"

"Show me your paw," Hazel demanded. Sunpaw stared at her. "Um... Why?"

"Give me your paw!" Hazel insisted. *What is wrong with her?!* Sunpaw thought, hut she held out her paw. Hazel inspected it closely.

"You're lying," she announced. "What?" Sunpaw asked. "You're lying. Your paw isn't the sun!" Hazel repeated. Sunpaw snatched her paw away, half afraid that Hazel's stupidness would spread to her. "No duh, genius! What, were you born under a rock?! *Nobody* has paws made of sun!" Sunpaw snapped.

Hazel rolled her eyes. "Well, your name says you do, so-"

"I have friends named Lightningfeather and Cinderpaw! I know cats named Goldleaf and Applefoot," Sunpaw grumbled, carefully removing Goldleaf from the "friend" category. "They don't have feet made out of apples or paws made out of cinders."

Stanley glowered at Hazel. "Um, I chased them outside. We're kittypets."

Sunpaw sighed. "Look, I'm in a bad mood, so if you would just *go away* then we can forget this ever happened!"

Stanley opened her mouth, but then a loud barking filled the air. Stanley's gaze turned to one filled with horror. "Dogs! Run!" She screeched, and took off into HollyClan territory, splashing across the stream. Mint and Hazel followed.

Sunpaw sighed. She couldn't let them go into HollyClan territory alone. "I'm going to regret this," she muttered. But she followed them into the heart of enemy land.

WOOO AND THE DRAMA IS PICKING UP!!!

By the way, Stanley is my cat. The picture is of her.

Yay update! And cliffhanger! Who shall she meet.... MWAHAHAHAHAHA

DID ANYONE CHECK OUT SWIFTIE YET? Oh wait... That was on Rain's Peril, wasn't it? NEVER MIND!

Bye!

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Seventeen

Sunpaw chased behind the sprinting kittypets. "Hey. Hey! Slow down!" She hissed, afraid to make noise. "I'll-"

Stanley turned around and gazed at her with frightened eyes. "We have to get away from it!" She yowled. Sunpaw winced at the loud noise, terrified that a HollyClan patrol would find them.

Mint, Hazel, and Stanley picked up speed, and Sunpaw, still wet from her fall into the river, lagged behind. The dog had stopped barking, but the kittypets continued running. "Hey! Hey! *Hey*!!! The dog stopped barking!" She snarled.

Stanley, Hazel, and Mint pulled to a halt and turned, panting, to Sunpaw. Sunpaw growled crossly; her bandages had been torn off. Her wounds were healing quickly, but she wanted the herb poultice to stay on.

"Is... It... Gone?" Hazel wheezed. "Yes, you flea-brain! Now come on, we have to get out of here before we're caught," Sunpaw snarled. The trees stretched high around her. "I have no idea where we are, so we're just going to have to go the way we came."

She fluffed up her fur. *If I get in trouble because of these kittypets, I will rip their throats out*, she vowed. Mint looked startled. "W-what? You don't know where we *are*?! Why'd you let us come into here alone?!"

Something in Sunpaw snapped. The anger and betrayal she'd been feeling because of Goldleaf betraying her *again*, Cloverfur nearly killing her, the prophecy, and Doveheart's dire prediction pushed through a mental dam. In one quick movement, she unsheathed her claws and raked them across Mint's ear, drawing blood. "You idiot!" She screeched, forgetting her caution in her anger. "You don't know anything, you stupid flea-bag! This is not my territory, and if it weren't for you, I'd be hunting for my Clan, but instead I'm lost in enemy land, and I'm not on great terms with HollyClan. So you just

shut your mouth, because it's your fault we're in this situation!"

"Well, I heard a dog!" Mint said defensively, flicking his hurt ear so that drops of blood flew through the cold air. Sunpaw sniffed. There would be snow later. She shivered as she thought of Doveheart's warning- "Snow will bring danger to the Clan."

"What was I supposed to do?!" Mint asked, snapping her back to reality. Sunpaw rolled her eyes. "You were supposed to *think*. What was all around you?! Trees! Who can climb trees? *Cats*! And who can't?! Dogs, you flea-brained fool. Dogs!"

"We can't climb those trees!" Hazel interjected angrily. "Why not?" Sunpaw demanded angrily. If I get one more stupid answer...

"Our Twolegs! They removed our claws!" Hazel meowed, holding up a paw to show Sunpaw. Sunpaw growled. "I'm done. You guys are useless. Find your own way back to the Twolegs. I'm done."

She turned and began to run in the way she had thought she had come. She didn't hear the kittyepts follow. ***That's gonna come back to bite you in the tail,*** a voice in her mind chided.

Sunpaw didn't care.

She tore through the woods and wandered around until she found the stream leading into CloudClan territory. By then her anger had cooled somewhat and she began to fish again. By the time the sun had set, she had caught three fish.

The snow had begun to fall in heavy, thick flakes that sent chills through her fluffed-up fur. She sniffed the air and noticed that she couldn't detect any prey smells. *Maybe I can hear them if I stand still,* she thought. She stopped running and listened hard.

There was no sound.

There were no birds chirping, no mice or voles burrowing, no squirrels scratching. Sunpaw looked around and saw some cob nuts. She took them in her mouth and scattered them around, then rolled in snow to disguise her scent. She lay them at the base of a tree, where she knew many mice lived.

No mice appeared to take the bait.

Sunpaw sighed and picked up her fish again. The prey was probably all in its nests; she wouldn't find it. She padded back to camp, shivering every now and then from the cold. But she couldn't quite push the feeling that something was wrong to the back of her mind.

She walked into the camp and dropped the fish on the fresh kill pile. Then she reconsidered and picked one up, padding to the elders den. Please, please let Moonpaw or Gingerpaw have brought the queens prey, she thought to herself. She *couldn't* take card of Applefoot. She *couldn't*.

She brought a trout into the elders den. "Hi Rosefoot!" She said to her friend. Rosefoot looked up from licking her chest. "Oh, hi Sunpaw! Long time no see," she meowed. Sunpaw smiled. "Yeah. I brought you a trout, here."

She lay the trout on the floor. Rosefoot pushed it away. "Oh no, don't fuss about me, I don't need it quite yet. Give it to the warriors. They need to keep their strength up."

Sunpaw's eyes flicked to the old cat's belly and saw that she could count the ribs. "Oh no, Rosefoot, I can't. Here, you have it. We need the elders to stay healthy!"

"I'm getting enough," Rosefoot insisted, her eyes glittering. "Go give it to Shadowfur, she needs it. Poor thing's skinnier than the moon at claw-moon!"

Sunpaw dipped her head to Rosefoot. *What's up with her not eating*? She thought. She brought the trout put into the clearing and looked around. The delicious smell wafted into her nose, making her tempted to eat the trout, but she knew she couldn't.

The cats were stretched out around the camp with moss pulled over them to protect them from the snow. Shadowfur was sharing tongues with Willowfur, and Hailheart, Tansypool, and Skypelt were talking in serious tones. Sunpaw smiled a bit when she saw her mentor. She felt like she hadn't seen Skypelt in a long time.

Lightningfeather was standing impatiently by the entrance of the medicine den. Sunpaw giggles a little, but then stopped when Cloverfur stepped out. She looked around, and locked eyes with Sunpaw. Sunpaw dropped her gaze.

Applefoot was sitting on a flat rock with Goldleaf. She kept trying to press up against him, but he kept edging away. Sunpaw remembered what he had said, that he loved her. She snorted. He didn't love her. Loved to hurt her, maybe, but didn't love her.

She felt her eyes grow wet as she watched Applefoot and Goldleaf, and turned away in surprise. Why was she upset? She didn't like Goldleaf- she hated him! Hated him down to his bones!

Right?

Ooooh noooo Sunpaw has messy feelings!

Thank you, my loyal voters and commenters. It makes me happy that someone's enjoying my book!

Haha Sunpaw's reaction to Mint XDDDDDD I laughed when I wrote it. I know it wasn't too too exciting, but there's going to be interesting oarts coming, don't you worry .

Ugh, I'm sorry, I have to go. I have to update Rain's Peril. And my GTW. And my quotes book. And a bunch of others, probably XD. Sometimes I think I have too many books.

Bye bye!

**~ Rainfeather **

Chapter Eighteen

"Sunpaw, go on a border patrol with Skypelt, Shadowfur, Cinderpaw, and Greenflower."

It was a moon and a half later. Applefoot was standing on the Rock Pile, ordering patrols. Sunpaw looked at her balefully, noting that her stomach was bigger than a badger's, and she knew the kits would be born soon.

Sunpaw was surprised that she was put on a patrol with Cinderpaw. She and Frostpaw were almost at their warrior assessment, so most of their time had been spent training. Sunpaw shrugged it off and Cinderpaw padded up to her.

"I think you're training with me and Frostpaw later today!"

"Really?" Sunpaw asked. "That's great!"

"Yeah. Have you-"

Sunpaw cut her off, knowing what she was about to say. "No, I have *not* forgiven Goldleaf, and I don't intend to any time."

Cinderpaw's face fell. "Why not?" She demanded. "He told me the other day that he didn't mean for Applefoot to have kits."

Sunpaw sighed with exagerated patience. "Seriously, Cinderpaw, just leave it, alright? Please."

Cindepaw looked about to argue more, but something in Sunpaw's face seemed to warn her against it. "Alright," she muttered. "Good," Sunpaw said. "Let's go wait by the entrance for everyone.

~*~

"HollyClan and FlowerClan are attacking!"

Sunpaw snapped her head around as Gingerpaw charged into the

camp, her eyes wild. "Attacking!"She repeated.

Silverstar leaped off the Rock Pile, where she had been sitting. It was sunhigh, and Sunpaw had been sharing a vole with Cinderpaw before they left to go train. "Where?" Silverstar asked Gingerpaw.

The young apprentice panted. "At the corner of FlowerClan and HollyClan's border. They joined forces, and Hailheart, Shadowfur, Stonewhisker, Frostpaw, and Applefoot are being attacked and they're outnumbered."

Silverstar cursed. "Applefoot's going to give birth any day now! Okay, Sunpaw, Cinderpaw, Tansypool, Skypelt, Greenflower, Goldleaf, and Lightningfeather come, and the rest of you stay and guard the camp."

She leapt off the Rock Pile and raced for the entrance to the camp. Sunpaw and Cinderpaw looked at each other, then followed.

Sunpaw followed the crowd of cats as they raced through the woods. Snow was on the ground, and snow was still falling. She kicked it up with her paws, glad she was at the side of the group so she wasn't assulted with it. She recognized the way they were going, but Silverstar had them moving so quickly that she barely could see it. They cut a wide arc around the huge cave Skypelt had once shown her, and soon they were at the battle area

They crept around and watched the fighting for a moment. Then, Sunpaw's heart racing, they leapt into battle.

Ugh, sorry this is so short >.<

I promise the next chapter will be really long. It's going to be a long, hard battle. You'll see. There will be some unexpected visitors. It'll be really cool, I promise! :)

Again, I'm really sorry this is so short.

~Rainfeather

Chapter Nineteen

Sunpaw screeched as she landed on the back of a golden brown she cat, ripping into chunks of her thick fur. She aimed well aimed strikes at her head. With a roar, the she cat rolled over, squashing Sunpaw. Sunpaw threw her off and lunged for her belly.

"How dare you attack us?" She hissed, slicing a claw at the she cat's shoulder. She let out a snarl and flipped her over skillfully, pressing her to the ground with her shoulder. Sunpaw struggled, but the she cat did not let up. "It's for the good of all!" She announced.

"What?!" Sunpaw muttered, curling back upon herself and kicking out with strong legs and throwing the she cat off of her. She was sent flying, but rolled over in the air with incredible speed and landed, crouched low, then rushed at Sunpaw. Sunpaw recognized the move the she cat had used as a Dark Forest move.

Sunpaw ducked as the she cat sliced at her, Sunpaw's, head. She missed most of the blow, but the she cat managed to swipe a claw across her ear. She howled as a white hot bolt of pain flooded through her ear, but did not stop fighting. She reared onto her hind legs and brought her paws down hard on the she cat's back. She felt the she cat's back fold in underneath her paws, and smiled to herself.

Using a move she had learned from Skypelt a few days ago, she slipped a paw under the she cat, who was laying still upon the ground, and used the strength in her paws to flip her over. She shrieked, and Sunpaw looked away. *Focus.* She looked back and snarled.

Sunpaw raked her claws down the she cat's muzzle, drawing blood. The she cat shrieked and stumbled to her paws, then lunged at Sunpaw. Sunpaw sidestepped easily, letting the she cat charge past like a blind badger. She skidded to a halt and whipped around, glaring at Sunpaw in hate.

Sunpaw dropped to the ground as the she cat leaped at her, then, timing it perfectly, leaped into the air as the she cat passed over her head. She twisted so that she was on the she cat's back, grabbed her scruff, and jerked her neck so that she fell like a rock to the ground.

The she cat staggered to her feet, hissed, "This isn't over!" At Sunpaw, and then turned and ran jerkily back to her side of the border. Sunpaw yowled a challenge after her. "That's right! And don't come back, you filthy badger!"

Sunpaw turned around, the pain in her ear dimmed as she reveled in the joy of victory. The clearing was still filled with many fighting cats. However, even though CloudClan had brought back reinforcements, HollyClan and FlowerClan were still winning.

She looked around and saw Cinderpaw fighting a white, gold, and ginger she cat, who was older and stronger than her. Sunpaw charged forward to help, but then stopped as she realized who it was. *Blazepaw!*

Blazepaw had been an apprentice Sunpaw had met moons before, around when she had first joined CloudClan. She and Sunpaw had met at a few Gatherings, and were somewhat friends.

How could she fight her?

She threw away her doubts. *It's for the Clan. You can fight her.*

"Hey, Cinderpaw!" Sunpaw meowed as she crouched and snuck around Blazepaw. The golden, ginger, and white she cat whipped around and saw Sunpaw. Her eyes widened. "Yes, Sunpaw?" Cinderpaw asked politely, winking at Sunpaw, and sweeping Blazepaw's legs out from underneath her.

Blazepaw fell on her muzzle with a bump, but jerked upwards, kicking out gracefully but powerfully at Cinderpaw, who ducked too late. Blazepaw's claws scored directly down Cinderpaw's nose.

Cinderpaw shrieked and lunged forward in an act of revenge, clamping her jaws down on Blazepaw's leg. Blazepaw let out a scream as she tried to jerk her leg free, but found it held tight in

Cinderpaw's grip. Cinderpaw blinked at Sunpaw as if to say, *go on, then.*

Sunpaw blinked back and slammed a paw on Blazepaw's head, stunning her. She tried not to remember that this was Blazepaw. *Just think it's Oakpaw.*

She shocked herself with the thought. Oakpaw? She didn't want to think about him.

Blazepaw moaned, and tipped forward, tearing Sunpaw from her thoughts. Cinderpaw leaned over her, ready to strike, but Sunpaw shook her head. "No, Cinderpaw. She's defeated."

Cinderpaw looked at her quizzically, but nodded. Sunpaw couldn't describe how she felt, but she didn't want to hurt Blazepaw.

Cinderpaw blinked at a tabby tom, who was hovering over Frostpaw. He was much, much bigger. "Him?"

"Definitely," Sunpaw said, managing to, despite the battle, smile at her friend.

Together, they charged forward. "You take left, I'll take right!" Sunpaw called to her friend. Cinderpaw nodded and leaped onto the left shoulder of the tom. Sunpaw rammed into his right side, and bounced off. The tom's shoulders were well muscled and a wall of strength. Sunpaw fell onto the ground hard, and shook her head. She and Cinderpaw got back to their paws and faced the tom.

By now, he had noticed them, and had shifted his attention from Frostpaw to Cinderpaw and Sunpaw. "Go back to the camp," Sunpaw hissed. "And don't trust Cloverfur."

Frostpaw sent her a quizzical look but ran off anyway, leaving Cinderpaw and Sunpaw to deal with the tom.

His fur was brown and scarred. Sunpaw guessd that he was from HollyClan. He leered down at them, revealing jagged yellow teeth. His breath stank. "Well, kitties," he slurred. "Time to play!"

He lumbered forward and swiped his huge, powerful claw at

Sunpaw. She ducked, hearing the air whistle over her head, and flicked her tail. Cinderpaw charged forward and leaped into the air, twisted, and slammed a paw, with claws unsheathed, into the side of his face. He let out a roar, spraying flecks of spit all over Sunpaw.

Sunpaw darted around, dodging his paws, as he went for her, leaving Cinderpaw to attack. Then, she leaped forward, bit his paw, and spat out clumps of foul-tasting fur. But then, one of the tom's paws caught her on the tail. Slowly, the big, angry tom reeled her in...

Part one of two :)

Yeah! Yeah! Update! I had no school today, so I updated for you, because I love you all :D and I have to play two square with my brother now, and he is threatning my stuffed lion. :\ Oh well.

The next part of the chapter will be posted soon in the next few days. It'll be awesome! Remember, there will be old foes met. Maybe even dead cats... *nudge nudge wink wink*

Bye! My brother is lying on the floor, monaing because I won't hurry up :

~Rainfeather (I almost just wrote Fang instead of Rainfeather XDDDDDDD)

Chapter Twenty

Sunpaw hissed and thrashed about, trying to get out of the hold the tom had her in. He laughed. "Stupid rogue. You'll never be good enough for the Clans."

Sunpaw growled. *Fight*! She tugged herself out of his grip, rolled away, ignoring the stinging of her scratches, and came up on her paws. She leaped up to the tom and scored her claws down his nose. He howled, and lifted a great, hefty paw and slammed it into Sunpaw. The silver tabby went flying, her head pounding.

She screeched as she slammed into a cat. She turned and gulped. *Applefoot!* She raced away towards the tom.
"You won't get away with that!" Cinderpaw shrieked. She slid under the tom's belly and slashed her claws unforgivingly
onto the soft, sensitive skin. Her claws ripped through skin. The tom shrieked and tried to drop down on her, but Cinderpaw had already scrambled out from underneath.

Sunpaw looked around and spotted a tree. "Cinderpaw!" She called. "Owl! Up the willow!"

'Owl' was a way of fighting they had learned about a quarter-moon ago. They climbed into the trees, then dropped down onto the cats below. Cinderpaw sent Sunpaw a quick nod and turned, leaping nimbly up the tree behind her. The tom cocked his head at her in confusion. Sunpaw hopped up a tree close by.

"Dive!" Sunpaw called, leaping from the tree. Cinderpaw did the same. The tom looked up, his eyes full of horror.
That was his mistake.

Sunpaw and Cinderpaw landed hard on the tom, thrusting their paws onto his back. Sunpaw leapt forward and scratched at his eyes. The tom howled, and bucked wildly to try and get the two apprentices off. "Take that, flea-pelt!" Sunpaw muttered as she sliced his ears.

"Argh!" He growled, rolling over and shaking off Sunpaw and Cinderpaw. He ran off, howling, towards his own territory. Sunpaw rolled onto her feet and looked around. Just then, she heard a cry. "Stop!"

It was Leafstar. He had Silverstar pinned down, with a claw to her throat. "Nobody move," he snarled. Then he sliced a small hole into Silverstar's throat. Not hard enough to kill, Sunpaw hoped.

He turned and sprang away.

~*~

"All cats old enough to climb Sky Tree gather beneath the Rock Pile for a Clan meeting!"

Sunpaw looked up from the small fish she was sharing with Cinderpaw. It was so little, there was hardly enough for one kit, let alone two apprentices, but it was the biggest thing on the pile.

She got up, wincing as she felt the wounds she had gotten. Featherpelt had bandaged them up for her; luckily, Cloverfur hadn't been able to get to her, as she had been put in charge of Silverstar.

Now, Silverstar sat on the Rock Pile, with large patches of silver cobwebs marring her pelt. Sunpaw and Cinderpaw padded over, taking a seat between Rosefoot and Moonpaw, the former of whom smiled at her. Silverstar stood shakily; Sunpaw could see that she wasn't completely healed yet.

"Today, we were attacked by FlowerClan, and HollyClan. Although all cats fought valiantly, there was two cats I saw fighting particularly well and bravely. Cinderpaw, Frostpaw, step forward."

Cinderpaw's eyes widened in shock, and her mouth fell open. Across the clearing, next to Stonewhisker, Frostpaw had the same reaction. Sunpaw, grinning, nudged Cinderpaw. The small gray tabby stood and padded up to the Rock Pile. Frostpaw followed.

Sunpaw felt extremely happy for her friend. Silverstar looked up at the stars, which were just beginning to come out. "I, Silverstar, leader of CloudClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these two apprentices. They have trained hard to learn the ways

of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turn. Greenflower, has Cinderpaw proven the traits necessary to becoming a warrior?"

"She has," Greenflower meowed. Her voice bursted with pride. "And Applefoot. Peonystorm. Has Frostpaw proven the necessary traits to becoming a warrior?"

At the same time, Applefoot and Peonystorm replied, "She has." Sunpaw growled at Applefoot. She hadn't been Frostpaw's mentor for long; why should she get a say in what happened to her?

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you two your warrior names. Frostpaw, from this moment onward, you will be known as Frostcloud. StarClan honors your intelligence and speed, and we welcome you as a full member of CloudClan."
Frostcloud touched noses with Silverstar and stepped back. Cinderpaw looked up at her in apprehension.

"Cinderpaw, you have always been the underdog, due to your size. But today you fought well. From now onward, you will be called Cinderstorm. StarClan honors your perseverance and ability, and we welcome you as a full member of CloudClan."

Cinderstorm touched noses with Silverstar and the Clan cheered, "Cinderstorm! Frostcloud! Cinderstorm! Frostcloud!"

Sunpaw smiled and cheered louder than anyone else. She was happy for her friend, and that was all that mattered.

YAAAAY Cinderstorm and Frostcloud are warriors!

I don't have much to say. Sorry for the late update! >.<

Thanks for reading, and please vote and comment! :D

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Sunpaw

[image]

I drew Sunpaw. IT IS NOT VERY GOOD BUT WHATEVER.

Chapter Twenty One

Sunpaw blinked open her eyes later that night to the sound of a screeching.

What is going on?! She thought as she leapt to her paws. It was dark, but she could see Moonpaw and Gingerpaw bolt awake too. Sunpaw glanced at them. "What's happening?" Moonpaw asked.

"I don't know!" Sunpaw said. The shrieks sounded a little familiar, but she could not think of how. Then it hit her. Peonystorm had made those sounds when she had her kits. *Applefoot must be having her kits!*

At that moment, Sunpaw decided to continue hating Applefoot, but not to hate her kits. It wasn't their fault that Applefoot was their mother.

Shut up, physological self! She thought, shaking her head and running out of the apprentice den.

Outside, a few cats had gathered- Skypelt, Shadowfur, Goldleaf, Lightningfeather, and Silverstar were all out there. Featherpelt cast a helpless glance to the nursery as he tried, in vain, to tell Silverstar to go back to her den. The proud silver she cat refused, even though Sunpaw could see, even in the dim light, that her legs trembled.

Cinderstorm and Frostcloud had stood up from their vigil places. Sunpaw noticed that they left paw-prints in the ground, and saw that it was beginning to snow lightly. She shivered as she remembered the prophecy she had been given by Doveheart, and then again when she remembered her own power. She wondered if she should excersise that.

"Am I aloud to talk?" Cinderstorm giggled to Sunpaw. Sunpaw shrugged. "Maybe, since it's an emergency. I mean, a dog is giving birth in the nursery. Quick! Hide the kits!"

Cinderstorm collapsed in fits of uncontrollable giggles.

"Sunpaw," a voice said from behind her. Sunpaw turned, and saw Goldleaf. Her laughter died away instantly. "What do *you* want?" She asked coldly.

"Sunpaw, please, I need to talk to you," Goldleaf pleaded. Cinderstorm got up and stood shoulder to shoulder with Sunpaw. "She won't talk with you if she doesn't want to," the gray she cat snarled at Goldleaf.

"I know. I know I don't deserve an explanation," Goldleaf meowed. A groan filled the air, and Sunpaw felt the heat of looks on her back. *Cats want to know why Goldleaf, who is supposed to be an axious, loving father-to-be, is having a fight with Cinderstorm and I instead of patrolling the nursery like normal cats.*

She sighed. "Goldleaf, we'll talk later, okay? I need to-"

She turned to go.

"No!" Goldleaf hissed, stepping quickly in front of her. "Excuse me?" Sunpaw hissed, staring him down.

"I said, no!" Goldleaf repeated. "I won't let you walk away. Because I am not the father of these kits that are being born."

Sunpaw gasped, her brain shorting out for a heartbeat. *He... what?!* She thought. Cinderstorm looked equally shocked. "But you're Applefoot's mate! How can these kits not be yours?!"

"They're not mine, but I don't know the father," Goldleaf meowed. Sunpaw narrowed her eyes. "How do we know you're not lying?"

"Not lying about what?" Came Lightningfeather's voice. Sunpaw turned. He was standing next to Cinderstorm, her pelt brushing against his. "He claims that he's *not* the father of Applefoot's kits," Sunpaw answered when Goldleaf didn't move.

"What?! You're lying," Lightningfeather accused. Goldleaf sighed. "Listen, you guys, I know you probably don't believe me. But here's my story-"

He was cut off by a wail, which died down instantly. Featherpelt, who had apparently managed to get Silverstar into her den, called, "Goldleaf, come here."

Goldleaf hurried away, leaving Sunpaw, Cinderstorm, and Lightningfeather to stare in wonder at the place he had left.

~*~

{Switching POVs...}

"Goldleaf, this is a premature birth, probably brought on by Applefoot's fighting earlier," Featherpelt meowed seriously to Goldleaf. "The kits may be in danger, and its a wonder she didn't go into labor earlier this afternoon. She or the kits might die."

Goldleaf didn't particularly mind about Applefoot dying, but he did care about the kits. No matter what, he would still raise them as his own. Applefoot couldn't take away the love he already felt for the kits that would be born soon.

He felt his face fall. "Isn't there any herb you can give her?"

Featherpelt considered. "Maybe burnet. But it could be dangerous with the herbs we have already given her."

Goldleaf grimaced. "It's the best we've got, let's do it."

"Go get a stick," Featherpelt meowed. Goldleaf nodded and padded out, remembering how he had found out how Applefoot wasn't expecting his kits...

Goldleaf padded through the forest, watching the leafless trees. How had he been so stupid? He felt something inside him about Sunpaw. She was different from all the other she cats in the Clan.

He remembered when he first found her, by herself after fighting off a group of HollyClan cats. He didn't know how she could be so brave. He didn't know exactly what he felt for her, but he thought that maybe... it was love.

Suddenly, he heard a crackling sound. Goldleaf spun around, leaping

onto a tree and scaling the branches high until he was out of sight. He looked down. Something told him he shouldn't be seen. He was right.

His mate, Applefoot, was twining her tail with another cat.

At first, he felt an instinctive rush of disgust. What was she doing, twining tails with another cat, after she had been spending moons and moons getting closer to him, asking him to be her mate, making excuse to be on her own with him? He had said he would be her mate just to protect Sunpaw.

Then he calmed his rage and leaned down, just enough to hear what Applefoot was saying.

"...I love you, and only you. These are your kits."

The tom she was talking with nuzzled her affectionately. Bile rose in Goldleaf's throat. "I love you too, Applefoot."

"Soon, I'll have the kits, and you and I will be the rulers of the Clans," Applefoot murmured dreamily. "It'll be perfect."

"Anything is perfect with you, my love," the tom claimed. Goldleaf rolled his eyes.

"Applefoot!" Goldleaf heard. Applefoot turned, her belly swinging below her. "I must go," she meowed breathlessly to her strange mate. "When can you meet again?" He pressed her.

"I don't know, maybe sometime in a few sunrises. Stop by in the usual spot, and we'll figure it out," Applefoot said. Then she wrapped her tail around his and pressed her nose to his ear. "I love you."

"I love you too," the tom said. Applefoot ran off, eaving Goldleaf on the tree, watching as a mystery unfolded beneath his very paws.

Heeeeloooo!

Now very exciting chapter, but very necessary ;)

Yay! It's over 1000 words!

Possible slower updates for a while, sorry :\ I've got school, and I have tests and stuff D:

I don't know what to say.

BTW, thanks for everything about my drawing, all the nice comments. It makes me feel a lot better about my drawings ^_^

I just tried to draw Rainbow Dash but she looks like a fat pumpkin with hair, eyes, and wings...

LALALA I AM BORED BYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

~Rainfeather

Chapter Twenty Two (The Actual Version xD)

"Hey, wake up," Sunpaw said, nudging Moonpaw and Gingerpaw. "We have training today. Battle training."

It was the night after the night where Applefoot had had her kits. Silverstar's neck wound was still fragile, and whispers around the camp said that she was on her last life. Sunpaw wondered if she would die, and hoped not. She was her leader, and had let her into the Clan. And Sunpaw *really* didn't want Applefoot to become Applestar.

Gingerpaw lifted her head and blinked groggily, and Moonpaw rolled over. "'M'up!" Gingerpaw mumbled, her words slurred with sleep.

"Good, Skypelt says to meet outside. If you don't hurry up, you won't be able to get any food!"

Sunpaw had woken at dawn, but hadn't been able to get on a border patrol. Silverstar was stubbornly organizing patrols, even though Featherpelt had told her she shouldn't leave her nest for the next few days. She also hadn't appointed a deputy, even though Applefoot surely couldn't be able to organize patrols and go out and hunt and train when she had kits to nurse! Sunpaw wondered bleakly if there was something she was missing. Probably. Thanks to Goldleaf, she seemed to know nothing these days.

On the topic of Goldleaf, Sunpaw decided to try and find out who that tom was. Goldleaf had told her that he was a plump light gray cat with dark flecks. Sunpaw could kind of remember a cat like that, although she wasn't sure how.

"Good morning, Skypelt," Sunpaw meowed, dipping her head to her mentor. Skypelt blinked at her. "Good morning, Sunpaw. Have a good sleep?"

"Yes," Sunpaw said. Then she and Skypelt sat and waited for Moonpaw and Gingerpaw.

Finally the two siblings padded out. Shadowfur and Hailheart and joined them by then. "Right, you two, you need to be up earlier, or you'll be left behind. I'll have you clean the elders' den later, and check them for ticks."

Moonpaw and Gingerpaw groaned but, wisely, said nothing.

"Let's get going," Shadowfur meowed, taking the lead. Sunpaw fell into step with Skypelt. "Did you hear what Applefoot named her kits?" Skypelt asked.

"No," Sunpaw meowed, glancing at her mentor. "Oh! They're named Rainkit, Briarkit, Emberkit, and Fernkit. They're all she cats," Skypelt reported.

"Hm," Sunpaw said, not paying attention.

"Okay, we're here," Shadowfur announced a few minutes later. "Here's what you're going to do: Gingerpaw and Moonpaw together should be a fair challenge for Sunpaw-" (Sunpaw glowed with pride) "-And so they will be a team. Each team, so Sunpaw and then Moonpaw and Gingerpaw, will go find somewhere to make a camp in the forest. Then they will mark it with this moss-wrapped acorn that I will give you." She flicked her tail at the acorn.

Sunpaw felt excited. She was up for the challenge. She bounced on the balls of her feet as Shadowfur continued.

"Then, you will scout around the forest and attempt to find the other team's camp. Then they will steal the acorn and bring it to us. We will be hidden around the forest as well. You may bring it to any one of us. Also, you may need to fight to get to the acorn."

Sunpaw felt a rush of excitement. This was so cool!

"Here's a few rules," Skypelt put in. Sunpaw heard Gingerpaw stifle a groan. "You may not leave the territory. Also, you may not make your base underground. You may not carry the acorn around with you."

"We will be watching you," Hailheart promised ominously.

"As soon as you place your acorn, you may try and find the other team's base," Shadowfur meowed. "You can hide your acorn, but only under a few leaves or something."

"Let's get started!" Sunpaw mewed.

"Alright, on the count of three," Shadowfur said. "One, two, *three!"*

Sunpaw leapt off to find her base area.

It was *on.*

Hello...

Sorry for the lack of updates

Sorry for the small chapter

Sorry.

I've not been doing very good at updating for the past few days in any of my books. Pretty pretty please don't hate me!!!

I've got lots of homework and literally 0 inspiration to write. My friend had to nag me FOREVER to write this.

Oh, and about the last chapter. It's a long, long story. Sorry for any inconveniences you may have suffered because of it (Gosh I sound so official!)

The training will be explained in more detail in the next chapter. :)

~Rainfeather

Chapter Twenty Three

Sunpaw grabbed the acorn from Shadowfur and whirled, turning away. She caught a quick glimpse of where Moonpaw and Gingerpaw headed off to before she turned to run.

She had no plan. But that was alright.

She bounded through the snow that must have fallen the night before. She felt fresh flakes fall on her face. She wondered if it would snow for real thist time. Before, there had been little to no snow when she thought she had scented it.

She shouldn't worry about that now. She hurried away into the trees.

Maybe she could hide the acorn up in a tree! Shadowfur had never said anything about that. Technically, it was still allowed.

Sunpaw looked around to try and find a good tree. *Where is a good one?* She was beginning, already, to get a little annoyed with the acorn in her mouth. It rattled around like nobody's prey.

Suddenly, she also remembered that the full moon was the next night. She hadn't gone to any Gatherings since the first one, and she hoped that she could go.

She shook her head to clear the distracting thoughts from it and continued looking for trees. She realized she was kind of heading towards the huge cave that Skypelt had shown her before, on her first or second day in the Clan, back when she was still Sun. Those days seemed so far away, even though it had only been about four moons.

Perfect! Sunpaw thought as she spotted a tree. It was a tree that didn't look any different from the others, exceot it had slightly thicker limps. It was also tall, and looked hard to climb. It looked a bit like Sky Tree, except smaller.

Sunpaw launched herself at the tree, digging into the soft bark with her claws as she hauled herself up. Climbing wasn't her greatest skill (swimming was, due to her power), but she was good enough.

When Sunpaw reached a branch she thought she would be able to jump down from, she was about to stop, but then had a brainwave. *Why not go a little higher, then just jump down from the top onto the other trees?* It would be a bit of a hard landing, of course, since there were no leaves on the tree, but she could deal with that. She had tough pads.

Sunpaw noticed that there was a small owl hole in the tree. She hissed, praying that it was empty. When she heard no answering *hoot* from whatever owl might be in there, she stuck her head in cautiously and sniffed. It was pitch dark, and small. The scent of owl was extrememly faint, though.

Sunpaw pulled her head back in. *How can I let them see the acorn?* It was in the rules to let the other team see it, just a little, so it wasn't too hard.

Then she had an idea. A thin layer of snow covered the branch. She scooped it up in her front paws, ignoring the tingling in her paws from the cold, and shoved it in the hole. She repeated that a few times, sometimes having to stretch up to other branches to borrow their snow. Soon, though, Sunpaw had filled in the entire hole.

She grabbed the acorn, which she had left on the branch, and nestled in the soft snow. Then she allowed a bit of the moss dangle out, a bright green spot in the grayish-white landscape. They would see it if they looked up.

Sunpaw leapt down from the tree. It was time to go on the offensive, which she was also good at doing. She was going to win. Together, Gingerpaw and Moonpaw had an advantage- one could scout ahead to find the acorn, and one could stay to defend their acorn.

Sunpaw quickly remembered that her scent might be at the tree and groaned inwardly, then prayed that it was too cold for the smell to be left on the tree. Or that it was too wet out. Like when she

splashed through a puddle and her scent didn't reappear until she was out of the puddle and dry.

Just to be safe, she rolled in snow, coating her pelt with thick, fluffy, cold, wetness. This would not only disguise her scent, but it would also disguise her silver tabby pelt. She quickly patted the spare snow into place and set off.

She happened to glance behind her, then groaned. Footprints! Since it was snowing, she would leave behind footprints. *But,* she thought, *since it's snowing right* now, *the snow* should, *in theory, cover up my pawsteps.*

She gave herself a high-paw for being so smart and continued on her way, keeping to the shadows of the trees.

She would have to think of how to find them. *How would I find something at all?* She thought. She thought about stalking prey. How did she do that?

First you taste the air to find any traces of the prey, Sunpaw reminded herself. She opened her mouth, and tasted.

All she could scent was snow.

What next? She asked herself. She mentally shrugged, then remembered something else. *Oh! Wait! Then I would pad around and try to find a trace of something!*

Sunpaw padded off in the direction where the starting point was. She knew what direction they had gone in, so she just needed to find the starting point.

Soon she stumbld upon it. It was completel devoid of any cats- Shadowfur, Hailheart, and Skypelt had long since left to watch, she reasoned.

Sunpaw looked around to see where Moonpaw and Gingerpaw had set off. Sure enough, two pairs of pawsteps were imprinted in the snow. But the falling flakes would cover them soon, so she had to find them.

Then she had a thought. What if Moonpaw or Gingerpaw and she met up, each trying to find the other's base? Then whoever it was could go back and tell the guard that she was coming. Sunpaw sighed. *This is* way *too complicated.*

She turned to a nearby tree and leapt up, climbing to the lowest branch. Then, they most likely *wouldn't* see her, unless they were looking up, but she would be able to see the pawprints.

She followed the pawprints quickly, trying to make sure they didn't get covered up. The sky was dark, and more and more snow continued to fall. Sunpaw saw that the sky was the exact shade of gray as a dove's wing.

Then she remembered Doveheart's prophecy- *Snow will bring danger to the Clan.* Did she mean the snow that was falling now?

All the cats in the Clan had begun to look extremely skinny. Like the prey wasn't running well enough. Sunpaw hadn't been on a hunting patrol for a few days, but she had noticed that the fresh kill pile was getting smaller and smaller.

Was that her fault?

Sunpaw was able to breathe underwater. Couldn't she swim around under the water and find as much prey as she could? Even if the rivers and lakes froze over, then she might be able to. After all, she could just try and pound her way through th ice, breaking it. Air wouldn't be a problem.

And what about the Dark Forest? Sunpaw had seen some of her Clanmates fighting... differently in the latest battle. Almost everyone was still weak, but there were a few who had emerged unscathed- Lightningfeather, Shadowfur, Stonewhisker.

Wait a minute. *Lightningfeather?!*

Was he training in the Dark Forest? *No, he couldn't be!* Sunpaw willed it to be true. Her friend would never do anything like that... would he?

Yes yes I know I said that I would get the entire training

exercise in this chapter.

Oh well.

I suppose the next chapter will be very exciting then! XD

And a cliffie about Lightningfeather... hmm hmm hmm.

Just to tell you, in a few chapters I'm going to do a little time-skip of about two moons. Sunpaw has some stuff to do :)

And hey! This book is actually almost over! About eight or nine more chapters, then it's onto the next one! It's going to be called *Dusk,* by the way. @Swift_Jay made it up. She makes up loads of stuff for me. Including a lot of these chapter ideas XD SO CHECK HER OUT! I've said it before, but I'll say it again! She has *one* awesome book that she hasn't updated in FOREVER. So update Swiftie Jay Jay! PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!

That's all! And this was about 1250 words so it should be good and long for you all ;)

~Rainfeather

Chapter Twenty Four

Sunpaw continued on her way, and soon she heard voices. She froze, then darted up the tree to be more hidden.

"Okay, you hid the acorn, right?" Came Moonpaw's voice. "Yeah," Gingerpaw replied. It felt strange to be hearing their disembodied voices coming from somewhere she couldn't see. "I'll make sure she can't get past."

"Awesome," Moonpaw meowed. "I'm going to go find Sunpaw's base. You stay and guard."

She padded off in the opposite direction Sunpaw had came in. Sunpaw grinned. *Perfect.*

Then she shifted into battle mode. *Think about Gingerpaw. Her strengths. Her weaknesses.*

Since Sunpaw hadn't trained as much with Gingerpaw and Moonpaw, she didn't know much. However, she did know from quick glimpses in the last battle they had had that she was alright fighting until her belly was exposed. But she was faster and nimbler than Sunpaw, so she would have to look out for that.

Sunpaw climbed even higher in the tree then leapt almost soundlessly from tree to tree until she was right above Moonpaw and Gingerpaw's base. She looked down. Gingerpaw was sitting next to a tree, the roots of which spread out and formed a sort of cocoon type thing, nestled in which was the acorn. Sunpaw noted that Gingerpaw stood near it, but she could probably jump onto the branch and come down from behind, grab it, then go back up. She decided to try that.

Sunpaw quietly picked her way around the tree so she wasn't facing Gingerpaw, then slid down the trunk. She landed with a thud in the snow that she just *knew* would draw attention.

Gingerpaw's head snapped around. She snarled, "Sunpaw!" And dove at her. Sunpaw sidestepped, letting her plummet into snow. Then she leaped onto her. But Gingerpaw was ready. Hissing fiercely, she rolled over and somehow pushed herself to her paws, and shook herself like a mad dog. Sunpaw ached to use her claws, but knew she couldn't, so just cuffed Gingerpaw around the head hard enough to stun her. Then she leapt off of her Clanmate's back and landed nimbly on the ground. Gingerpaw shook her head, ready to get back fighting.

Gingerpaw charged forward, and Sunpaw twisted and ducked, sliding neatly under the she cat's belly. Gingerpaw gave a small gasp as her breath was knocked away with a powerful thump from Sunpaw's forepaw. Quickly, she dropped on Sunpaw, and the silver tabby was trapped. *No, buck her off!* Sunpaw thought. She gathered strength in her hind legs and thrust herself upwards, flinging off Gingerpaw quite effectively. She charged for the tree, eyes fixed on the acorn.

Gingerpaw side-tackled her, buffeting her to the side with a grunted "No!". Sunpaw rolled with her in the snow so that she came out on top; however, Gingerpaw was quick to right herself and somehow twisted her nimble body to push Sunpaw's face into the ground. Sunpaw thought quickly and rolled, lashing a paw down Gingerpaw's nose, claws still sheathed, and nipping her tail. Then she rolled her over a few mouse-lengths.

Sunpaw quickly charged for the acorn. She grabbed it in her teeth, and turned. Gingerpaw had gotten up and was charging! Sunpaw turned again at once and hopped up the tree, climbing it like a nimble squirrel. She darted thorugh the branches, acutely aware that Gingerpaw was hot on her tail. She could hear the snapping of twigs as the two cats raced through the trees. It was rapidly becoming darker, and colder, with the snow falling even faster. Sunpaw shivered.

Finally, Sunpaw glanced down and recognized where they had started! She bounded down, her energy almost completely sapped, and landed on the ground neatly. She raced over to the center and sat down, wrapping her tail around her paws.

Gingerpaw puffed with fatigue as she sat down. "Good... job..." she panted. "Lion... didn't... think..."

Sunpaw's head snapped up. *Lion? As in Lionscar?* "Who is 'Lion'?" She asked Gingerpaw. Gingerpaw looked up at her, horror flashing across her face in a quick flicker, gone so quickly it almost left Sunpaw thinking it was a trick of the light. "Oh, nobody!" She squeaked, bending down to lick some ruffled chest fur. Sunpaw let it drop, but she meant to find out more. Was the Dark Forest gathering more and more members around her?

Just then, Moonpaw charged in, Sunpaw's acorn held in her mouth. "Oh, no!" She groaned. "You beat me, Sunpaw."

Sunpaw smiled. "Yeah."

Shadowfur, Hailheart, and Skypelt walked out of the shadows next. "Great job to all three of you!" Skypelt praised them. "Now, I'm sure you're wondering what the *point* of this exercise is."

Not really, but okay, Sunpaw thought, as Gingerpaw and Moonpaw nodded.

"Well," Skypelt meowed. "It was actually a part of Sunpaw's warrior assessment."

The silver she cat looked directly at Sunpaw. "And you passed," she finished.

Sunpaw's heart stopped. *My what now?*

Ahahah hiiii! So yay, Sunpaw WILL become a warrior soon. So awesome!

This is late of course because a) I was late (naturally) and b) I was grounded...

So yeah! :)

~Holly

FanFic Contest

Nope not an update. But I was thinking of entering the Wattpad Holiday Fanfic contest. Should I, and what should my fanfic be? HALP

Oh, and here's the link: http://www.wattpad.com/83776516-contests-november-28-2014-holiday-contest

Chapter Twenty Five

Sunpaw sat in the camp, her stomach growling. There was no prey to be found on the so-called fresh kill pile, as there hadn't been much to begin with, and that small portion was divided up between the queens and elders. She had gotten a small bite of trout, but that was all.

She felt guilt pang in her belly as she remembered what she had realized during her assessment- that she could save her Clan from the pangs of hunger that came with leaf-bare. She still hadn't gone out to fish. She decided to do that now.

She stood up and looked around. Feathertail and Cloverfur were in Silverstar's den, tending to her. According to Cinderstorm, she had developed an infection in her wound, and was weak. Sunpaw wondered whether she would be able to make it to the Gathering later that night; if she wasn't, then Applefoot would have to be the stand-in leader.

Applefoot was sitting with Goldleaf outside of the nursery, watching her kits, who had just opened their eyes. Goldleaf's gaze wandered, and met Sunpaw's. She remembered what he had told her about how the kits weren't his. His golden eyes locked onto her green ones and she looked away, unable to deny the feeling that crept inside her. *There's something wrong with me,* she thought, shaking out her silver fur.

Applefoot's kits were clearly recognizable by their pelts. On the way back from the assessment (Sunpaw kept shivering all over when she thought about that- *the assessment*), Skypelt had told her their pelt colors- Rainkit was a light gray kit with black spots, Fernkit was gingerish, which wasn't the normal color for a CloudClan cat, Briarkit was a dark brown kit, again, unusual. And the last one, Emberkit, was pure white, except for her light brown paws.

Sunpaw sighed and snuck out of the camp the way she and Lightningfeather had before, and headed down to the lake that she

and Goldleaf had gone to just when she decided to stay in the Clan. The water wasn't completely frozen over, so she dove in.

She hadn't gone swimming, really gone swimming, in ages, and her power was strange since she hadn't used it much. She struggled to bring in the water through her nose and push it back out the same way, and to get into the flow of swimming. Finally, she began to move more smoothly, and by that time, she had caught a trout and two minnows.

She darted after a skinny fish and caught it, then looked at it. It wasn't much, and probably wouldn't even feed many cats. And she was *so* hungry. Shouldn't she just eat this one fish, just to keep her energy up? Would that really be bad?

Of course it would! She thought, shocked that she would even consider it. *How could you? This is a part of the warrior code, not eating before elders and kits. How could you?*

But you're so hungry, a voice told her. She wasn't even too shocked when she realized that it was the voice in her head from the fight with Cloverfur. She drifted in the water, gazing at the fish she had caught. ***It wouldn't do much harm to eat it, would it?***

Sunpaw wondered dimly why the voice wanted her to eat the fish. *I can't.* ***But you can. Nobody will find out.***

Sunpaw gave in and bent her head, about to bite into its belly. Then she stopped, for a reason she could not explain, and opened her mouth to bite into the back.

Then something grabbed the scruff of her neck, she thrashed, the fih sliding out of her paws, but she was so hungry and in such a bad spot that she really couldn't do much. She hadn't realized she was so close to the banks.

"Come on," he meowed tightly when he deposited her on shore. She had dropped the fish that had been causing her so much indecision falling away into the water. As she watched it fall, she saw that its back was pitch black, and its belly was pure white. The parts where it met were blended to form a foggy gray that was hard to focus on.

It had small patches of bright gold dotted all over its gray patches, that were in perfect circles. *Like suns.* Then a shadow passed over the fish and it rolled over, belly up to the sky.

And suddenly, in a rush, everything made sense to Sunpaw. She was on the halfway point of good and evil. She was the golden spots in the gray. She could choose one way or the other. The voice had been trying to make her eat the black side. To give into the evil inside of her. But Goldleaf had saved her. Goldleaf.

In that moment she forgave him. Because the tom had unknowingly saved her from becoming evil. But she would resist. She would not give into the darkness inside her that threatened to rise up inside of her.

But there was something wrong. Because if she didn't choose, she would very soonly be dead.

She looked up at Goldleaf, seeing him in a new light. "What's wrong?" She asked as he placed her on the ground. She grabbed her meager catches. Goldleaf glanced at her and opened his mouth.

"Silverstar is dead."

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY GOLDPAW!!!! Lol that has to be their ship name right now because you people don't know her warrior name yet! *Taps you on the nose like the awkward fairy I am XP*

But oh dear. Silverstar is dead. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?!

APPLEFOOT IS NOW APPLESTAR!! AHHHH!!

AHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Expect another update soon. I have *nothing* to do today, so.

See ya!

~Holly

Chapter Twenty Six

Sunpaw stared at Goldleaf. "*What?!"* she asked him.

He nodded, sadness clouding his golden eyes. "It's awful."

"So... so Applefoot's leader," Sunpaw said, staring at the ground.

"Yeah," Goldleaf said quietly, looking down also.

Sunpaw looked up and took a deep breath. The time had come to apologize. She couldn't stand being mad at her friend anymore. "Listen, Goldleaf, I can't stand this. I can't stand being mad at you. Even though I don't like Applefoot, I'm... I'm sorry."

Goldleaf looked up at her in shock. "You're... you're sorry?" He asked, disbelief lining his voice.

Sunpaw nodded.

Goldleaf grinned. "Excellent! That's excellent, Sunpaw. Because... well, you know I don't actually like Applefoot, right?"

Sunpaw's eyebrows flared. "What you don't?" It was hard to keep the interest out of her voice. *StarClan, Sunpaw, you're not in* love *with the tom!*

Goldleaf shook his head. "I... I never did. And like I said, those kits *aren't* mine."

"So who's the father?" Sunpaw asked.

Goldleaf shook his head. "I've no idea. It was a light gray tom with black flecks, if I can remember right."

Sunpaw's heart froze mid beat. She coughed, her blood like ice. "He... what?"

"Yeah," Goldleaf said. "It was weird. I'd never seen him."

But Sunpaw had. And she'd helped him, too, a few moons before.

It was Mint.

"It's... It's a kittypet named Mint," Sunpaw meowed faintly. Goldleaf arched his eyebrows at her. "Really? How do you know?"

A hint of sadness was masked beneath the question.

Sunpaw flushed. "I haven't been *meeting* him!" She protested. "I happened to be out walking one day and I found him and two she cats. They were wandering around, and we fought, and he got mad, and then a dog came and they ran into HollyClan territory." She didn't add how she'd followed them, then stopped.

Goldleaf furrowed his brow. "I think-"

Just then, a wail rose from the camp. Goldleaf looked up at it. "Come on, we should get back."

After climbing the slope and racing around, they ran into the camp. Sure enough, Silverstar was laid out in the middle of the camp, her slender body neatly laid out and groomed. It seemed odd, Sunpaw thought, to see a cat who had been so regal in the light of life to pass into the dark gloom of death. At least she would onl be dead for a little while, and then she would be with her family in StarClan.

Lightningfeather was sitting beside her, Cinderstorm leaning into him. Whiteswirl was watching her from afar on a rock, uncharacteristic sadness etched in his gaze. Skypelt, Amberclaw, and Snowblaze were sharing tongues half heartedly. Every so often, one would flick their gaze over to Silverstar.

Feathertail was sitting at the base of the Rock Pile, his head lowered and his shoulders hunched. Cloverfur and Applefoot were sitting together, conversing quietly. Applefoot flicked her tail, looked up, and glanced at Silverstar, with somewhat artificial sadness in her blue eyes.

"It's dreadful, isn't it?" A voice asked softly. Sunpaw turned to see Moonpaw standing there. In her haze, Sunpaw had not noticed her

walk up.

"It is," Sunpaw replied, stepping forward and away from Goldleaf and Moonpaw and moving forward that she could see her fallen leader. And she realized that Silverstar was all it took before their world was thrust into a darkness. One tiny push from Applefoot, and they would all be dead. She could take over the Clans and kill all those who were foolish enough to stand in her way. She was unstoppable, undefeatable, and un-

Wait.

The prophecy. It mentioned something about a pool of sun. Maybe Applefoot knew the prophecy too- if she did, then she could fulfill it by first naming Sunpaw Sunpool as her warrior name, and then kill her. Or just let her die. Prophecies had to be fulfilled.

Sunpaw closed her eyes. She could be the light that saved the Clans from the darkness of Applefoot, or she could be the one who cut it off forever, swallowed by the shadow of evil.

And she could not choose. Applefoot had to. And since Applefoot was Applefoot, she would choose to name her Sunpool when she was leader. Just so her enemy could be eliminated.

And she could win.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY I FINALLY UPDATED! *Happy Dance*

Yeah. Sorry for not updating. I was busy, as usual >.< and I didn't have much time to write. Right now I'm putting up my Christmas Tree! :{D

And I don't know why this is so dang depressing XD OH WELL

~Rainfeather

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Sunpaw drifted off to her den a little later, her stomach- as always - empty. She curled up in her nest and tried to avoid thoughts of Silverstar and what her being dead would mean for the Clan. Alas, the thoughts would not keep out of her head.

Sunpaw wasn't a warrior yet, so there was still a chance that the prophecy would be fulfilled. She had come to terms with the fact that she must be the sun in the prophecy. Although the idea, well, sucked, she knew she had to live with it.

Since Applefoot was soon going to become Applestar, she might name her Sunpool. In fact, if Applefoot knew the prophecy, then she would definitely name her Sunpool. She wanted Goldleaf, but she didn't know why. She was mates with Mint already.

Maybe she wanted someone to cover for her so she could have kits without anyone suspecting she was disloyal, Sunpaw thought drowsily. It was a possibility. Sunpaw really couldn't decide until she knew Applefoot's true motives.

And Goldleaf. What was the deal with him? Her earlier feelings were fading slightly. Which side was he on? Why were there sides for anything? What was going to happen?

Sighing, Sunpaw closed her eyes, trying to slow her breathing to that of Gingerpaw and Moonpaw's. Not very quickly, her thoughts shut down and she drifted into sleep.

~*~

Sunpaw opened her eyes in the forest of StarClan. Doveheart, Frost, Raintail, and Lilycloud were all there. "Ah, Sunpaw. You've arrived," Lilycloud meowed, standing. Frost purred, but Sunpaw turned her head and addressed Lilycloud directly. She couldn't miss the hurt look on Frost's face, however.

"What's going on?"

"Sunpaw, the blizzard," Raintail meowed anxiously. "It's going to destroy. The snow will destroy."

Sunpaw blinked in surprise. "What? What'll it destroy?"

Raintail shook his head. "The Clan. Snow will bring danger to the Clan," he added, quoting Doveheart all those moons ago.

Doveheart got upand stood urgently in front of Sunpaw. "Listen, Sunpaw," she mewed. "You have to use your power to save the Clan. You have to."

"How, though?" Sunpaw asked. "All I can do is breathe underwater. How will that help me save the Clan? What do I even have to do?"

"You have more than that," Lilycloud promised, her voice a soft whisper. Sunpaw looked up to see the four StarClan cats fading. She watched helplessly as Lilycloud meowed. "Your willpower can overcome any prophecy..."

And then they were gone.

Sunpaw's thoughts raced, her paws prickling. *My willpower can overcome any prophecy?* Then she thought of the prophecy she had heard all those moons ago on her apprentice ceremony- *The pool of sun will die.*

Then everthing clicked.

Lilycloud had said that her willpower could overcome any prophecy. If she was the 'pool of sun' who was to die (and she had to be, there was no other 'pools of sun' she knew of), then she would have to stop that. She had a power.

It seemed like a kit's dream, trying to override a prophecy. But Lilycloud was probably one of the most serious cats Sunpaw knew, and she wouldn't lie to her.

So Sunpaw didn't have to die.

Not if she kept herself from doing it.

Eww. Gross chapter. And super short.

I've not been doing very good at updating my books lately. But I'm trying. Right now I'm sick and I feel... well, I feel like the shizzliest shizzle that ever walked this earth.

Which is to say, icky.

But. Christmas break *is* coming up, which means I have *loads* of free time. So I'm gonna try for...

Dun duh duh duh!

An update *every. Day.*

Crazy?

OR CAN WE DO IT?

Maybe some days *two* updates...

I want this book finished by the end of Christmas break! Then we're gonna begin *Dusk!*

All right! Bai! I'll try to update again, later.

~Rainfeather

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Sunpaw woke to a howl.

She leapt out of her nest and shook out her fur, instantly wide awake. She glanced around. Moonpaw and Gingerpaw were opening their eyes. Moonpaw looked worried and Gingerpaw was panting as she hastily licked down her chest fur. Sunpaw darted out of the den.

The snow was piling high, and it was almost up to Sunpaw's neck. She wriggled out onto the top of it, and looked around. Most of the cats in the Clan had come out. Applefoot, who had gone to recieve her lives, leaving her kitd with Peonystorm, hadn't returned yet, and neither had Featherpelt. Cloverfur had stayed behind in case anyone needed anything. Applefoot had chosen her deputy to be Amberclaw, and he was standing on the Rock Pile with Cloverfur.

Another wail rose from the center of the camp. Everyone seemed to be frozen in some emotion Sunpaw couldn't exactly place. The cat who had cried out was Frostcloud.

Because Snowblaze was lying dead on the ground.

Moonpaw let out a strangled cry. "Mother!" She raced forward and pushed her nose into her mother's fur, seeming to try and bring her back to life. But Snowblaze was dead. Even from here, Sunpaw could see that she wasn't breathing.

Rosefoot padded forward, her pinkish paws stained with snow, and sat down, wrapping her tail around Moonpaw. The small silver she cat cried out, her body shaking with silent sobs. Gingerpaw, who had followed, was staring in horror at the body of her mother. Grief flashed through her gaze, but she didn't move, just seemed frozen in place.

Cinderstorm padded over to Sunpaw from the warriors' den, her blue eyes wet. "Snowblaze... she was my mother," she whispered,

grief pooling rapidly in her eyes.

"Oh, Cinderstorm," Sunpaw sighed. "I'm so sorry."

Cinderstorm shrugged and whipped her tail across her eyes. "Who's your mother? You never mentioned her."

Sunpaw's demeanor immediately darkened. "Sorry. I can't tell you that."

Cinderstorm gave her a strange look, but let the matter drop. "Anyway. I wonder what happened?"

As if in answer, Amberclaw opened his mouth. "Turn to face me," he meowed with a softness Sunpaw had never heard from the usually untouchable senior warrior. Then she remembered that he had been Snowblaze's mate, and she understood.

"Snowblaze was found this morning in her nest, seemingly asleep. When Shadowfur tried to wake her, however, she discovered that she was..." his mouth tightened. "dead. Cloverfur has checked her over and has discovered that she starved."

Cinderstorm tensed beside Sunpaw. Sunpaw felt her light gray friend freeze and her heart went out to her.

"Applestar has not yet returned," Cloverfur said. Sunpaw rolled her eyes. *Gee, thanks, Captain Obvious, I hadn't noticed.* "And when she returns with her nine lives, we will bury Silverstar."

She gestured with her tail over to the corner of the camp, where Silverstar lay, her body becoming covered by snow. Sunpaw shook out her pelt.

"Tonight, we will mourn Snowblaze," Amberclaw promised, his mew breaking. He looked over at his dead mate.

"Two deaths in two days," Goldleaf whispered. Sunpaw jumped- she hadn't heard him come over. Cinderstorm looked up from her grief-stricken state and glared at him. "What are *you* doing here? Haven't you done enough?"

"What do you mean?" Goldleaf asked in bewilderment. Sunpaw mentally facepawed and tried to send him a message telepathically. *No! Go away!*

Of course... it didn't work. Cinderstorm let out a snarl. "Are you really that stupid?! How could you have kits with that... that *monster?!* She killed my sister, Goldleaf! How could you forget that?! I can't forget you as an apprentice. You never left Moonpaw's side. Every cat was sure you were going to become mates. And then she died and you became mates with the cat who killed her! What is your *problem?!"*

Goldleaf seemed shocked for a moment by her outburst, then shook himself. "That was a fox, Cinderstorm," he growled lowly.

Cinderstorm let out a derisive snort. "Uh huh. And I'm the leader of this Clan. Sunpaw's my deputy. Trust me, Goldleaf, you *don't* want to say that. It was not a fox and you know it."

Goldleaf looked at her evenly. "You may not trust Applestar, but I do. I trust her."

Sunpaw flicked her tail. "Oh yeah? Then why'd you tell me that you were only her mate to protect me?"

Goldleaf's eyes widened as he turned towards her. Sunpaw held his gaze, unblinking. *Why was she doing this?* Just after she decided to trust him again, she had to go and mess everything up. This one was on her. Her fault.

Goldleaf narrowed his eyes. "You know, Sunpaw, I thought I could rust you not to say what I say to you in confidence to anyone else. Guess not. While we're at it, let's tell her the other thing I told you, okay? About how I'm *not* the father of Applestar's kits. I'm her mate. I'm not the father."

He turned and began to stalk away, but his path was barred by a small bundle. Sunpaw heard him mutter a curse and looked around him.

It was Rainkit and Brairkit, Applestar's kits. Briarkit was looking at

him in shock, her sky blue eyes huge. Rainkit had her eyes narrowed. "You're not our father?" Briarkit squeaked.

Goldleaf dropped to their size. Sunpaw wondered what he would say. "Yes, yes of course I am!" He protested. But it was weak- Sunpaw was sure the kits would see through his bluff. "Of course I'm your father."

Rainkit hissed as he stepped closer to them. "I doubt it. Then why'd you lie to them?" She stabbed a paw thorough the air at Sunpaw and Cinderstorm.

Goldleaf glanced back, and then looked at the kits. "I-" he began, but then shook his head.

Without a backward glance, he turned and raced away into the forest, kicking up snow behind him.

Yay update!

Merry Christmas Eve! I'm so excited it's finally here. Remember what I said- at least one update every day. I'm trying!

Hee hee hee... hee hee hee... hee hee hee... HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA THIS CLIFFIE *Sticks out tongue*.

Ha ha. Love ya. :)

~Rainfeather

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Applefoot padded along the trail to the Starbrook with Featherpelt. His tail swishing thoughtfully, he stared off into space, his gray pelt fluffed up against the cold.

She refused to look at him, lest she give away her thoughts. She may look like a leader, but inside, everything was a storm- a storm of darkness.

The fact was, Aplefoot knew she was evil. She accepted it. It was who she was, why she was put on the earth. She didn't want any cat to know yet, though, because had to do something. She wasn't sure what yet.

She was also feeling a little scared- if StarClan didn't accept her as the leader, then she would be powerless- without nine lives. Which meant she would be so much more vunerable.

And Featherpelt would know her secret.

If StarClan didn't accept her for who she was- a murderer, a liar, a con-cat -then she was in trouble. But Featherpelt would know too. And, as he was a medicine cat, he had a lot of power in the Clan. He could make cats believe that she was evil and was going to kill them all.

So she couldn't let that happen.

Because she was going to kill them all.

Unless they were loyal to her.

She and Mint were going to take over the forest together, uniting the Clans until there were two. They would live in harmony together, and nobody would be hurt. Applefoot and Mint would take care of that. Her kits, Cloverfur, Amberclaw, Gingerpaw- all these cats would be on her side. She knew the trained in the Dark

Forest.

Just like Sunpaw had.

Despite her efforts to look cool, calm, and collected, Applefoot let out a growl. She couldn't *stand* that stubborn, bratty apprentice. All she did was ruin everything. She had no right to Goldleaf. *She* hadn't known him since he was born. *She* hadn't trained with him until they were made warriors, less than half a moon apart. *She* hadn't fallen in love with him, slowly but surely.

Applefoot had.

True, she was using Goldleaf- but she did love him too, in her own small, strange way. She loved him, but hated him at the same time, because he was pure and she was not. He was beautiful and she was the rat.

But she had power. He didn't.

She could control him, not the other way around.

As she swam through her thoughts, Featherpelt turned to her, stepping lightly in front of her. *"Stop. Right. There,"* he snarled, which was unlike him. Confusion lanced through Applefoot, but she fought to keep her face emotionless. *Show no emotion.*

"Oh? Why so?" She asked, putting enough danger into her voice to let him know that she was in charge.

He narrowed his eyes at her. "I know what you've done. You're a murderer, Applefoot."

And he leaped at her.

~*~

Lightningfeather was sitting with Cinderstorm, his tail wrapped around her legs as she sat immobile against him, stricken with grief. He was far away in his mind, somewhere nobody could touch him, somewhere different from this place...

And suddenly he was with Applefoot, his sister, as she traveled along the path to the Starbrook with Featherpelt. Everything seemed fine- the sky was dark as it faded towards night, meaning they must be there soon. Stars sparkled in the sky. The moon, a clawscratch wide, was letting a small amount of light down onto the ground, which allowed him to see what was happening.

He saw when Featherpelt stepped in front of Applefoot and snarled at her. He watched as he leaped at her, claws unsheathed as he attacked.

Fear for his sister pulsed through him, even though he didn't like her at all, and anger at Featherpelt almost overpowered it. He snarled aloud, but Cinderstorm didn't seem to notice. His vision was red, hazy.

And suddenly he was there.

~*~

Applefoot rolled neatly, avoiding Featherpelt's attack, and leapt at him with unsheathed claws. It was then that she saw the black pelt against the night, heard the growl of malice as some cat leapt on Featherpelt.

She gasped and dove under Featherpelt's stomach, slashing at the soft skin. Featherpelt howled, and she looked up to see golden eyes staring at her, and suddenly she knew.

Lightningfeather.

She wriggled out from under Featherpelt as he screeched with pain, blood runnning into his eyes. Her shoulder burned where he had slammed his paw down into it, drawing huge amounts of blood. She grabbed Featherpelt's paw between his teeth and but down, shaking mercilessly. She felt a bone crack, and was glad. *Nobody attacks me and gets away with it.*

Rearing, Lightningfeather roared and raked his claws down Featherpelt's spine. Featherpelt flopped around to face him, moving sluggishly but moving all the same from loss of blood. Feebly, he

swiped out a paw at Lightningfeather, and her brother dodged with a cruel smile on his face. Inside, Applefoot felt the faintest prick of worry. *What happened to my gentle brother?*

Well, that didn't matter. Because he was here, helping her to kill someone she needed killed. Featherpelt was someone who knew what she did- and could have proof to back it up. Besides, he was a medicine cat, and communed with StarClan. Everyone would believe him and would turn against Applefoot and her brother.

And that was *not* allowed.

With a call like a lion, she lunged forward and grabbed Featherpelt's neck, shaking it, just toying with him. Lightningfeather leapt forward and stared down at the medicine cat.

Then he bit the tom's throat.

Featherpelt bled out, his life trickling away.

Applefoot felt happy.

"Good job brother," she murmured.

~*~

Lightningfeather stared in horror down at Featherpelt.

The cat he had killed.

Had enjoyed killing.

His insides seemed to collapse. "What am I?" He whispered, his voice low enough so that his sister could not here him.

He really didn't know.

YAAAAAY UPDATE! MERRY CHRISTMAS, RAINY READERS! :D

Heh heh... different chapter than usual. I wanted you to get a glimpse of Applefoot's true nature and some of her crimes,

because we never really get to hear much of who she really is when I'm focusing on Sunpaw.

I hope you enjoyed the chapter! See you during tomorrow's update! Winter break is until January 5. Lots of updates are to be expected! :D

Bai bai!

~Rainfeather

Chapter Thirty

Cinderstorm whipped her head around in shock. One moment Lightningfeather had been there, the next- gone! Just gone out of midair!

"Has anyone seen Lightningfeather?" she called out to the cats around the camp- Amberclaw, Shadowfur, and Gingerpaw. Most cats had gone inside to rest. Her mother, Snowblaze, was strtched out in the middle of the camp, drawing eyes. Cinderstorm looked away.

All the cats shrugged. "I thought he was with you," Amberclaw said. Cinderstorm stared at him for a moment, then slowly shook her head. "N-no. I thought... but oh well."

She turned back to her sitting position. Try as she might, she couldn't get Lightningfeather off her mind- more specifically, the way he just vanished.

Suddenly, something came unbidden into her mind- a thought, almost, from which seemed to bloom a picture. She saw Lightningfeather with... Applefoot (!?) and standing over the body of a gray cat.

The cat was Featherpelt.

Words twisted through the picture. *What have I done?*

Cinderstorm realized it was Lightningfeather. *What the moon?!*

She didn't know what was happening. All she knew was that she had been thinking of Lightningfeather, and *boom!* Here she was, seeing him and his sister.

But what had happened, and what were they doing?

Cinderstorm let her eyes fall shut and concentrated. Suddenly she could feel the cold, brutal wind whipping through her fur, stinging

her flesh. Snow rained down on her, and she opened her eyes to find herself next to Lightningfeather. She reached over with her tail and tapped him on the shoulder.

Her tail moved through his body.

With a small gasp, Cinderstorm drew her tail out. The cold began to recede and she suddenly felt warm and floaty. But she was still with Lightningfeather and Applefoot.

Can I... read minds now? She wondered. *Well then.*

She tried to move, to lift her paw, but she couldn't. She seemed to be rooted to the spot, unable to move, even though she wanted to. She tried to speak, but couldn't.

Just then Lightingfeather turned, facing her. Her heart leapt as he looked at her, but then stilled when she realized he was looking through her. Like a glassy pond.

So she was... projecting an image of herself. But he couldn't see her.

Maybe it was only people she was thinking about?

She focused on Sunpaw. She pictured the small silver tabby in her mind and wondered about her. Where she was, how she felt, what she might be thinking about.

Instantly, she found herself ripped from where Sunpaw was- in the apprentice den, fast asleep. She felt a small prick of anger that she wasn't sitting vigil for her mother, then pushed it aside. Se had more important manners to attend to.

She looked down and saw herself floating above the ground, her paws skimming the soft surface of the apprentice den. Sunpaw didn't seem to notice her as she still slept on.

Cinderstorm suddenly wanted to return to her own body. Very, very badly. Her blue eyes searched around and finally landed on the exit. She willed herself to return to her body, and suddenly she found herself back to where she had started. She stood up as an experiment, and was happy to learn that she was able to move. She

opened her mouth and let out a whisper.

"Lightningfeather."

She stepped forward and crouched next to her mother, wanting to eat but having no appetite. She couldn't explan what had just happened to her- or to Lightningfeather, assuming that her vision thing had been correct.

Or real.

She shook out her fur. If she had this... power of projection, she could call it, then maybe Lightningfeather had it too. Or something like that. Maybe other cats had powers.

But she didn't want t mention it to anyone else. She wanted to keep it a secret at the moment, except from Sunpaw. And maybe Lightningfeather.

Who knew? Maybe it could be deadly.

Little did she know that it would prove to be...

Yay cliffie! :D

I actually thought I published this yesterday. Guess I didn't :

So I found this thing on the create section that told me where you guys were from, your ages, etc. I have people from USA, Australia, and Canada reading this. AWESOMESAUCE!

Anyway.

Yesh shortish capter. Mostly because I am lazy. But I am happy to say that I am seeing new readers on DoS (Dreams of Shadows) every day! :D Hopefully it's getting out there more and more people are reading it ^_^.

That's cool.

Thanks for 3K :))))

You guys rock.

Seeeeeee youuuuuuuuuuuu

~Rainfeather

Chapter Thirty-One

Sunpaw woke with a start to Cinderstorm shaking her urgently by the shoulders. "Sunpaw! *Get up!"* She meowed.

Sunpaw blinked at her in confusion. "W-what-"

"I need to show you something!" Cinderstorm interrupted. "Please. Here, come out in the forest with me."

She waited impatiently for Sunpaw to get up, and when she did she tore outside. She stopped abruptly a heartbeat later, and Sunpaw nearly walked into her. "What?" Sunpaw grumbled crossly, moving around her.

"The snow..." Cinderstorm breathed.

Sunpaw looked out and did a double take.

Snow was covering up the entrance, blocking them in. There was a tiny hole in the top, and if Sunpaw squinted, she could just see out enough to tell that the entire camp was covered in snow.

"No..." Sunpaw murmured. "It can't have risen this quickly!"

"I don't even... how could this have happened?" Cinderstorm asked thin air, poking a paw into the snow. The paw came back covered in thick, wet snow. "I was just out there, sitting vigil for Snowblaze! And now it's so high!"

"Maybe we can dig our way out," Sunpaw muttered. She stepped forward, then wondered if her power would be of any use.

Technically, snow was water. If she could get into it...

"Alright, Cinderstorm, I'm gonna try something crazy here, so just wait," Sunpaw said, making up her mind. Without waiting for Cinderstorm to reply, she leapt into the snow.

The snow was freezing, sticking to her pelt and driving itself into her skin, chilling her to the bone. Her eyes squeezed shut automatically, and she let out a soundless scream of cold. As she opened her mouth to scream, snow dropped into her mouth, choking her. She cursed and battled her way up to the surface.

She broke the surface of the snow and gasped, her eyes streaming with cold. She shook her head vigorously and climbed out, hurrying over to the hole. "Okay, Cinderstorm!" She called. "I'm going to dig you out, so just be ready."

She began to shovel away at the snow. Cinderstorm did the same on her end, and soon Cinderstorm had hauled her way out. She blinked. "I can't believe all the snow..."

"I know," Sunpaw said. "Anyway, what did you want to show me?"

Cinderstorm blinked, then nodded. "Okay. Okay, um, well... I'm gonna close my eyes, and you need to go somewhere. Like, far off. Don't let me be able to see. Okay?"

Sunpaw sent her a weird look, but she had already turned to hide her eyes. "Um, okay," Sunpaw said anyway and turned, padding off in a random direction. She realized she was making her way towards Sky Tree, which she would have to climb in a moon or so, if she wanted to become a warrior, which she did.

Or maybe she didn't.

There *was* the prophecy to contend with, after all.

Sunpaw shook her head and continued on her way; she passed Sky Tree and climbed up in a willow tree, curling her tail around her paws. She waited for something to happen.

Thoughts swirled through her head- *should I hunt? Should I call out and tell her I'm ready? What's she doing?*

Does she have a power?

All of a sudden, she was met with a sudden weird feeling. It was like someone was *there,* beside her, and she just couldn't see them.

She had the strangest feeling that it was Cinderstorm.

All of a sudden, her gray friend materialized beside her, her expression revealing shock. "Whoa," she murmured. "What just..."

"What happened?" Sunpaw asked.

"Well..." Cinderstorm said, and sighed. "Alright. *Fine.* So, last night I was sitting with Lightningfeather, and suddenly, he just disappeared. Into *thin. Air.* So I was thinking about him, and what in the name of StarClan had just *happened,* and suddenly I was... next to him. But I couldn't touch him, and he couldn't see me, and I couldn't move and my voice was a whisper."

Sunpaw looked at her quizzically, her mind whirling. "Well-"

"It's weird, I know," Cinderstorm sighed, her head drooping. Sunpaw ruffled her shoulder fur with her tail affectionately.

"Don't worry, it's not *that* weird."

Sunpaw blinked and shrugged. "It doesn't change who you are. You're still my best friend."

Cinderstorm blinked. "Really? You mean it?"

Sunpaw nodded vigorously, then swiftly changed the subject. "But what about Lightningfeather- what happened with him?"

Cinderstorm shook her head. "I've no idea. I was only able to be with him, I think, because I heard his thoughts. I was focusing on him, and suddenly I heard his voice in my mind- *what have I done?* And the words kind of... I don't know, painted a picture for me, and it was so vivid and real, and suddenly... *I was there.*"

Sunpaw nodded. "I get it, I think."

Cinderstorm gave her a look of shock. "Really? Because I don't."

"I mean, I get most of it," Sunpaw ammended. "Like, I get the part about cat's thoughts being the things that can teleport you, or whatever it is- maybe just allow you to see what's happening. But if

the cat you're seeing is *thinking* about you - like I was - then maybe you can teleport next to them. So it goes both ways."

Cinderstorm's eyes were wide with unrepressed shock. "Whoa..." she murmured. "*So* deep."

Sunpaw chuckled bitterly. "I think we should probably watch Lightningfeather. Because something happened with him. And I don't know what, and I intend to find out."

Cinderstorm nodded. Sunpaw wondered briefly whether she should show her friend her own power, then decided she should. Cinderstorm had been brave enough to tell *her*- she had to return the favor.

"Alright, come on," Sunpaw said, leaping from the branch. Cinderstorm watched her curiously. "We're going somewhere," Sunpaw announced. "I have something I want to show you."

Heeeeeey people. So I'm not exactly keeping to my 'I'll update every day' promise, but I'm doing pretty good, don't you think? I'm not a very constant person, you know.

Anyway.

I'm planning on expanding this book a *liiiiiittle* bit longer, like a few more chapters, because I want some more Applefoot being bad moments in here so we fully understand that she's evil.

Like Tigerstar.

So I'm thinking of doing a book of extras from this series- like some in different character's POV, or how so and so became leader, or little scenes like Applefoot's leader ceremony or Featherpelt's POV as he died. It'll probably be up when I finish the series. I'll keep you all posted.

Anyway, time to sign off. Laterz!

~Rainfeather

Chapter Thirty-Two

Goldleaf sat in his nest, staring off into space, and wishing that he was just the little gray cat that nobody had noticed back when he was a kit.

Of course, Moonpaw had noticed him. She'd befriended him the day after she was born, and soon she, Lightningfeather, and he had all been closer than siblings. They did everything together- and when Goldleaf was apprenticed first, Moonpaw and Lightningfeather had cheered like their lives depended on it.

Then Applefoot noticed him, and then everything went wrong.

While Moonpaw and he grew closer, enclosing themselves in a little bubble with just the two of them that even Lightningfeather couldn't penetrate, Applefoot had seemed jealous, and had seemed to begin to hate Moonpaw. Then there had come that fateful day when he was a warrior, and Applefoot and Moonpaw went out for a walk together, and Applefoot returned, bloodstained and wild-eyed, proclaiming that Moonpaw had been attacked by a fox.

Goldleaf had grieved all night, and begun to slowly shut his emotions up, so that nothing like this would ever hurt him as much as this had.

And then he found Sunpaw and something in him seemed... to stir.

In truth, Sunpaw reminded him of Moonpaw- stubborn, sarcastic, and a fantastic fighter. But where there had been bright colors and feelings pulsing from Moonpaw, Sunpaw had been different- quieter, and more secretive, and there seemed to be a distinctive dark vibe emanating from her. She was different from Moonpaw- but not so much that she didn't interest Goldleaf.

And now he was in love with her.

There was no denying it. Goldleaf *knew* what he felt, because he

had felt a shade of it before, with Moonpaw- but nothing ever, ever as strong. Sunpaw could make his heart speed up with a single glance, and she had a way of getting under his pelt and keeping him on her toes that Moonpaw never had. He was in love with her, but was afraid that she didn't feel the same with him.

That was why he had become Applefoot's mate- to protect Sunpaw. Applefoot hadn't really seemed like she really liked Goldleaf, and he knew there was some other reason she fought so hard to be his mate, especially when she was off having kits with some other former-kittypet, but he didn't want to endanger Sunpaw by becoming her mate when Applefoot was still there.

Maybe someday, he thought with a small sigh.

"Daddy?"

Startled, Goldleaf whipped around. Briarkit was there, watching him with those bright blue eyes of hers. Goldleaf bit his lip. Now Applefoot was pretending the kits were his as well, dumping them on him, which hardly seemed fair. But Goldleaf couldn't be nasty to the kits- they were, kind of, his family, and he loved them, and it wasn't their fault who their parents were. "Yes, honey?"

"What are you thinking about?" Briarkit asked, sitting down next to him and wrapping her dark brown tail around her paws.

"Oh, nothing, dear," Goldleaf replied with a gusty sigh. He nudged her with his tail. "Go on, go play with your sisters. I'm alright."

"Okay..." Briarkit meowed, sounding unconvinced. But she got up and left, calling out, "Hey, can I join?"

Goldleaf sighed, again. Life was so confusing.

~*~

Cinderstorm's eyes were wide as Sunpaw resurfaced. "No. Way. That is too cool!!!"

Sunpaw grinned at her friend's excitement. "Not as cool as yours, though," she replied. "I mean, think about what you could do with

that! You could spy on people, on enemy Clans, if you wanted, and gather informat.."

She trialed off, suddenly getting a thought. "Hey, Cinderstorm."

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever thought of spying on... well, spying on... Applefoot? And kinda finding out if she's planning anything?"

Cinderstorm shook her head slowly, her eyes unfocusing. "No... but that is a good idea."

"Yeah," Sunpaw said, quickly debating with herself. "Alright, listen. So, say you wanted to go see Applefoot now. Could you?"

Cinderstorm nodded. "Yeah."

"Okay," Sunpaw said. "Okay. This is brilliant..."

HELLOZUL!

Shorter chapter because I was kinda rushed and I had to go do something. This book probably won't be finished by the end of winter break. :(Oh well! At *least* by February, this will be finished, though.

I SPELLED BRIAR RIGHT EVERY TIME SWIFTIE HAHAHAHAHA

Uhh... yeah.

Please check out my Fandoms Facebook! It's on my profile! :D

BAI!

~Rainfeather

Amazing note

Thanks for #270 in Fanfic! :D

-Jan. 2, 2015

Chapter Thirty-Three

A few days later

Sunpaw stared wistfully at the fresh kill pile. It had a scrawny mouse on it, and an even smaller trout. She, Cinderstorm, and Moonpaw had just shared a tiny pike together, after bringing a shriveled old shrew to Rosefoot and Windheart and a tough blackbird to Peonystorm. Applestar, who had returned among praise and had been deceptively and suspiciously upset when she had found Snowblaze dead, had been able to get enough food that she could feed her kits, and herself. Sunpaw suspected she was taking a bit more than she needed, but how could she say anything? Who would stop a nursing queen, who also happened to be the leader of the Clan, from taking food for herself and her *four* kits?

Sunpaw broke out of her thoughts as Skypelt approached her, looking excited. "Hey Sunpaw! I have really good news."

"What is it?" Sunpaw asked, turning to face her mentor and wrapping her tail neatly around her paws.

"In a few heartbeats, we're going to go out hunting- it's your assessment today!"

Sunpaw stared at her, then slowly a grin spread over her face. Finally, she would become a warrior! She was ready, and excited. "Awesome!"

"Yeah!" Skypelt meowed cheerfully. "Then, after land and water hunting- oh don't look so surprised, you know we do both -we'll go on to climbing Sky Tree. Hopefully we'll have enough time today- the days are shorter now -and you'll have your warrior name by sundown if all goes well!"

Sunpaw smiled, but at the mention of her warrior name her stomach seemed to drop a little. "G-great!" She mewed, trying to sound cheerful but sure she was failing miserably. Luckily, Skypelt

seemed too wrapped up in her apprentice's success to notice.

"Come on, let's get started."

They walked out into the woods, Skypelt explaining how it would work. "It's really simple, you just hunt like you normally would in the river near HollyClan that hasn't frozen yet, then we'll go to the woods near FlowerClan, then we'll go to Sky Tree, where Applestar will be. There's a time limit for each, and we'll move to the next task when the time limit is up."

Sunpaw nodded, and realized that they were at the HollyClan river. Skypelt nodded. "Alright, good luck, see you later."

She disappeared into the trees.

Sunpaw crouched at the riverbed, not particularly wanting to get into the freezing water to fish the way she usually did. She kept her paw at the ready, and her eyes alret for any movement that might be a fish.

A gleam of silver caught her eye after a while. Sunpaw flicked her paw in, grateful that a fish had finally come. *How bad would it look if I hadn't caught anything?*

Scooping the fish neatly out of the water, she bit its neck, killing it, and saw that it was a reasonably sized trout. Returning to her post, she kept her eyes ready for any other fish.

In the end, she only managed to catch another fish, and a trout. The trout was around the same size as the first one she had caught, but the other fish was small. Sunpaw stood and turned, shaking out her pelt, as Skypelt approached. It had been cold sitting there, and she was ready to go hunting in the forest. Even if she wasn't good at it, she would be able to keep warm by moving around.

Skypelt padded up and eyes her catches. "Not bad, for leaf bare," she said approvingly. "Okay, come on, I'll bring you to the woods and then bring these back to camp."

"I can find my own way there," Sunpaw promised. Skypelt nodded without looking at her. "Okay."

She grabbed the fish in her mouth and departed. Sunpaw made her way through the hard, crunchy snow, wishing she had something to cover her paws. It was *cold,* almost too cold to be outside, and she didn't want to be anywhere near this messy, wet mess of snow. She would have much rather stayed in her den... but then she wouldn't be having her warrior assessment.

Even though she knew Applestar might name her Sunpaw, she wanted to take the chance. It had been driving her crazy for the past few days- she and Cinderstorm had kept quiet about their powers and had watched Lightningfeather closely, and every time they did this, Sunpaw couldn't help but remember that whether she lived or died pretty much depended on Applestar.

So *that* was awkward.

She arrived at the forest, and sighed, tasting the air. Mentally, she cursed, because all she could smell was the StarClan-forsaken snow and ice. Muttering an angry message to the sky about their timing to release snow, she dropped into a crouch and sniffed. After many attempts, she smelt the scent of mouse. Creeping slowly towards the scent, Sunpaw remembered to place her paws down carefully. When she had reached where she thought the mouse was, she sprang with a snarl, a flash of gray-brown meeting her gaze. She snapped the mouse's spine with her paw, and stood, its limp, cold body in her mouth.

Burying it in the snow, she continued on her way. She heard a scruffling up in a tree, and stopped, her paw raised over the snow. It seemed to come from the tree above her. She paused, turned, and began to climb the tree stealthily.

When she reached the branch where her quarry was, she glanced around, trying to locate it. When she finally found it, she crept forward. It was a skinny robin, out on the branch with its back to her. With a low snarl, she leapt forward and killed it with a bite to the neck. It never even had time to cry out.

Sunpaw continued hunting until Skypelt stopped her. She hadn't managed to get much after that- a sleepy baby squirrel, and a bone-thin mouse. The baby squirrel, at least, had a little meat on it.

Sunpaw felt she had done very well for a leaf-bare day.

"Alright," Skypelt said, her voice low, not looking at Sunpaw. "Come on, this way. Time to climb."

Sunpaw took a deep breath, padding after her.

Applestar would be here.

Showtime.

And that's a wrap! :)

So. Skypelt is being weird. Any predictions?

Also I wrote this in a weird mood, so if anything is weird, that's why o.O

Heh heh *SHOWTIME!*

I love Clace songs. They're so cute. FORGET THE SONGS, I LOVE THE CLACE!

Sorry. OTPs.

BUT CLACE!

BAI!

~RAINFEATHER

Chapter Thirty-Four

Sunpaw folloed Skypelt quietly, wondering why she was acting so strange, and ready to face Applestar. She knew they wouldn't fight- she *hoped*, anyway, because she knew what had happened the last time they had fought -but she knew there would be a silent battle- a mental one.

Applestar would not intimidate her.

Te sky was growing dark as they reached the Sky Tree, and Sunpaw was exhausted, and hungry. She had been hunting all day, with only a small mouse divided between two other cats very early in the morning. She would have definitely wanted something to eat if she could, but she knew she couldn't.

When they got to the Sky Tree, Skypelt sat down without looking at her, her eyes fixed on the sky. Sunpaw turned to a nearby tree and decided to practice climbing it. It wasn't allowed, she knew, to climb Sky Tree any time before your assessment, but there were some other trees near it that were perfectly good for some last-minute training.

Sunpaw leapt onto the tree trunk of the tree next to Sky Tree, and shimmied her way up the long, smooth strip of wood, digging in her claws to get a grip like Skypelt had taught her. She was halfway up the tree when Applestar arrived.

"Sunpaw!" Skypelt called up."Applestar's here!"

Sunpaw turned and faced her, then took a deep breath and hurled herself downto her mentor, looking up with a clear look on her face as she landed neatly and nearly silently on the ground. Her gaze locked onto Applestar's. *Try me,* she seemed to say. Applestar stared back coldly. *This should be fun.*

Applestar gacve her a small nod, looking away. Sunpawfelt a small prick of satisfaction that she had seemed to intimidate her leader

enough to make her drop her gaze. "Alright, begin."

Sunpaw nodded, and turned to the tree, then leapt, unsheathing her claws as she flew powerfully into the air. Their razor-sharp points latched onto the scarred wood, and she held on tight. Immediately, not wanting to give Applestar something to take points off her performance for, she began to pull her way up the tree, just as she had done with the one before it. *Just keep calm and you'll be fine.*

Sunpaw was about an eighth up the tree when she heard Applestar and Skypelt muttering down below. "Not bad form..." "But she's taking very long..." "No tail out for balance..."

Sunpaw hurriedly stuck out her tail, feeling herself instantly steadied. *For once, thank you, Applestar.* She began to make her way up the tree trunk, quicker now, so that Applestar would be happy with her performance.

By the time she was halfway up the tree, she was starting to loose stamina. *How can I climb this huge thing?* She thought in despair, stopping for a moment to look up at the top of the tree. It was so high, she couldn't even see it. Her claws ached from hanging on, and her muscles were exhausted. "I can do this," she muttered to herself. She forced herself to go onwards. *I have to know.*

With her legs aching with tiredness, she stopped at a thin branch and sat on it, hoping that it would hold her weight for a moment. She didn't care what Applestar thought; she was simply too exhausted to continue then.

Maybe I should just turn back, she thought, her mind already half made-up to do it. But as she turned, she remembered all the things that would make her life so much better as a warrior- her own patrols, her own time to do whatever she wanted, easier investigations on Applestar. She'd also be able to be announced at Gatherings as a new warrior, and she didn't want to loose that. She hadn't been to a Gathering for a long time...

Then an image of Goldleaf burst into her mind. With it came Cinderstorm. And then came Lightningfeather. Then came Moonpaw, and Gingerpaw, and all the other cats in the Clan. Then

she remembered Raintail, who had died in a battle with HollyClan when she had first joined the Clans, and of Snowblaze, who had just died now. She thought of Brightsky, the former deputy, who's spot Applestar had taken. And of Silverstar, who had died from an infected wound.

She would make this. They didn't, but she would. She was *strong.*

She remembered Moonpaw.

She threw herself up the tree.

In a moment of pure, white-out climbing, she had reached three-quarters of the way to the top, the energy of cats forgotten and remembered fueling her. Voices whispered to her unintelligible things, but she knew what they were trying to say.

And then, at last, her muscles aching and her legs feeling like they might fall off, she reached the top.

With a small cry of joy, she began to make her way back down, jumping off when she was close enough to the ground. Euphoria lit her veins, and she felt like she might explode. She had done it! She had climbed Sky Tree!

She was going to be a warrior!

Applestar's eyes met hers, cool, as she leapt down to the ground. "Very well," she meowed. "Tomorrow, at sunhigh- you will be made a warrior."

OOOOOOH DOUBLE UPDATE!!

YASS! SUNPAW IS GONNA BE A WARRIOR! YAAAAAAY!

IF I HAVE TIME I MIGHT SQUEEZE OUT ANOTHER CHAPTER TODAY. NO PROMISES THOUGH!

MAN I AM REALLY PROUD OF MYSELF FOR GETTING OUT ANOTHER CHAPTER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!1

AND THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR

3K!!! YOU MEAN SO MUCH TO ME IT'S JUST GAH I LOVE YOU GUYS <3

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS BOOK IS ALMOST DONE!

ALRIGHT, SEE YOU!

~Rainfeather

Chapter Thirty-Five

Sunpaw followed Skypelt and Applestar back to the camp, her mind buzzing. This was it. The moment of truth.

Time to see whether she would live or die.

The sky was dark as they reached the camp. Cinderstorm was waiting at the entrance to the camp, her big blue eyes watching Sunpaw hopefully. As Skypelt and Applestar went along, she drew off to the side, padding off with Cinderstorm. "So... How'd it go??" Cinderstorm asked, her voice betraying her utter and complete excitement.

Sunpaw stopped, turned, and flashed her a grin. "I passed! Even the climbing bit!"

Cinderstorm, who had known for ages that Sunpaw wasn't great at climbing, smiled happily for her friend. "That's great! I-"

She broke off as she watched something over Sunpaw's shoulder. Sunpaw turned- and froze.

It was Applestar and Goldleaf. They were arguing, it seemed, but quietly. Casting a quick glance at Cinderstorm, Sunpaw padded over to the fresh kill pile, grabbed two carp and a trout, and quickly delivered them to Windheart, Rosefoot, and Peonystorm. Peonystorm looked up at her dully, her eyes cloudy and her two little kits skinny and quiet. Sunpaw felt badly for them as she walked out.

Cinderstorm was already sitting on a rock, with a skinny mouse held beneath her paws. She had chosen the one closest to Applestar and Goldleaf, who were still arguing. Sunpaw padded over to Cinderstorm, got up onto the rock with her, and bit into the mouse, swallowing a tiny mouthful. Though the mouse's skin was chewy and it had nearly no meat on it, and she could only eat a tiny bit, she wasn't focusing on the food- she was listening to Goldleaf and

Applestar's whispered argument, as was, she could tell, Cinderstorm was.

"I don't *care* that they're not my kits," Sunpaw heard Goldleaf snarl, and she raised her eyebrows in shock. Goldleaf didn't care about the kits?

"There is absolutely no evidence suggesting otherwise!" Applestar retorted. "They are *our* kits, Goldleaf, and I will not have you ruining my reputation and destroying my leadership with some ridiculous story about me running off with a Kittypet. Preposterous!"

Though, Sunpaw thought she saw a flicker of emotion besides anger in the leader's eyes. Goldleaf rolled his eyes. "Is that really all you care about? Your status? What about their happiness?"

Who, Sunpaw wondered, was their? She decided it must have been the kits, and exchanged a surprised look with Cinderstorm. Then, Applestar let out a derisive snort, drawing her attention back to her. "Their happiness? What would they think about a father who was in love with another cat?"

Cinderstorm's neck fur fluffed, and Sunpaw involuntarily unsheathed her claws. They stung as she dug them into the rock. Did Applestar know how Goldleaf seemed to feel about her?

Goldleaf sucked in a breath. "I-"

Applestar laughed. "Don't deny it. It's written all over your face when you even *look* at her."

She half-turned towards Sunpaw, then stopped and turned back. Goldleaf had stiffened, his lean muscles taught and his skinny body tense. He looked as if he expected a huge blow to befall him and was bracing himself for it.

Applestar leaned closer to him, her eyes glittering. "And guess what Goldleaf? I'm going to punish you. I'm going to hurt her; *kill* her, and slowly, and I'm going to make you watch. And then I will kill everyone you love. And when it's just you and me, then I will kill

you. Slowly."

Her dark blue eyes held no trace of compassion. Sunpaw felt her blood run cold and turned to Cinderstorm, where she saw her expression mirrored on her friend's face.

There was no question about it.

She was going to die.

Heeeeeyo! :)

Hehe CLIFFIE

I'll try to updated the ending tomorrow. TRY. Maybe it'll be out on Sunday.

K I'm rushing. Bai!

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

Chapter Thirty-Six

Sunpaw's dreams that night were disgruntled and full of darkness only fear of everything around her could induce. After tumbling through waves of darkness for some time, she found herself face-to-face with Raintail, Doveheart, Lilycloud, and Frost.

She looked at them with dull eyes. "Guess I'll be joining you lot soon," she said.

"No, you will not!" Lilycloud said with a startling intensity.

Sunpaw laughed. "As if I could escape Applestar. And Goldleaf, he'll die too, after me."

"Sunpaw," Frost said. Sunpaw turned to look at her mother. Her voice held a certain hope. Sunpaw wondered how she could be hopeful at a time like this.

Then again, her daughter was coming to join her. Maybe she wanted her to die.

"I have an idea," Frost said hesitantly. "We have the power of the stars at our disposal- we could do something to prevent Applestar killing you."

Sunpaw let out a tired snort. "Frost, I tell you, *it will not work*. She is too strong. She, too, has the power of the stars in her grasp. She is a leader- how would I be closer to the stars than her?"

She knew instantly that she had made a mistake. Lilycloud muttered something intelligible, Doveheart actually growled, Raintail flicked his tail, and Frost stood up. "Snap out of it!" She snapped, surprising Sunpaw. "We are with the stars. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and open up your mind, or so help me, I will go down there myself and help Applestar to kill you!"

A stunned silent followed. Sunpaw felt abashed- she knew her

mother was right, but shouldn't she be allowed just a few minutes to wallow in self pity?

"*Frost*," Lilycloud said a moment later in astonishment.

"No," Sunpaw said. "She's right." Turning to Frost, she said, "I'm sorry."

Frost flicked her tail in response.

"Well," Raintail meowed to fill the silence, "We have made a plan, if you'd like to hear it."

Sunpaw nodded, and he explained their plan.

"It will require certain sacrifices," he concluded, "but I'm sure-"

Sunpaw cut him off. "Are you... are you suggesting you kill your own son?"

She couldn't believe it. She had thought StarClan was a place of light. Not a place of darkness and plans to murder cats.

"Sunpaw," Doveheart said urgently, "if we can get enough strength on our side we *will* be able to bring him back."

Sunpaw sighed. "And you're saying that this could end it with Applestar?"

"Yes," said everyone except Frost.

Sunpaw sighed. "Then I will do it."

Ahaha wouldn't you like to know the plan?

I feel so evil XD

Yes this is a rushed chapter but I have to get to bed D:

So see you in the next (and final) chappie! :D

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

NOTE

I shall try to get chap. 36 I think it is out tonight but no promises. I'll try!!

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Sunpaw awoke the next morning with a feeling of dark apprenhension for the upcoming day. Frost hadn't told her exactly when the plan would be put in effect, and she could only guess at what would happen. Maybe StarClan couldn't just kill off cats whenever they wanted. Especially one who was as important as this one- one so crucial to the whole proceeding of life as they knew it and *change* from an awful leadership that it might just slip out of their paws.

Sunpaw *really* hoped that wouldn't happen. She wasn't sure how she would feel if he died and she never saw him again- she would have an awful feeling of responsibility and guilt, for sure.

Sunpaw glanced over at Moonpaw and Gingerpaw and saw how small they were, huddled together in two close nests. She hadn't realized how small they really were, and how big she must be now. It was strange to be almost twelve moons, when she honestly didn't really feel any different.

Shaking the thoughts aside, Sunpaw padded out of the den, squeezing through the tunnel, which had grown even more claustrophobic in the time she had been there. She was bigger now, no longer apprentice sized, and she would soon be too big to fit in without crouching at least a little.

Wriggling out, she blinked at the bright sunlight, then padded over to the fresh kill pile, glancing through it. She took two minnows and carried them over to one of the rocks, sitting down. They seemed to have had a brief, decent prey spell, which meant she was able to take the minnows without too much guilt. Eating them in famished, quick bites, she glanced around the camp.

Amberclaw was mounting the Rock Pile, Applestar was sitting with her kits, gazing at them fondly, and Cloverfur was looking around

lonely. Applestar had returned from the StarBrook with nobody with her, she had claimed that she Featherpelt had been attacked and he carried off by foxes (Cinderstorm and Sunpaw had exchanged dark looks, then looked at Lightningfeather, who squirmed uneasily).

Lightningfeather was now conversing quietly with Goldleaf, and they kept flicking covert glances over their shoulders at Applestar, who didn't seem to notice. Sunpaw yearned to know what they were talking about - and just to be around Goldleaf, who she had decided she liked very much - but knew that for all of their safety, she should just stay away.

"Everyone, gather for patrols," Amberclaw called out. Sunpaw finished the last of her minnows and leapt off the rock, landing neatly on all four paws, then padded over to the Rock Pile, where the slowly-growing and awakening Clan were gathering.

"Lightningfeather, take Skypelt, Sunpaw, and Greenflower on a border patrol to FlowerClan," he said. Lightningfeather nodded, and Sunpaw began to make her way over to him. "I heard you're becoming a warrior later today," he meowed.

Sunpaw nodded. "Congrats," he mewed. "It'll be great to have you in the den. Goldleaf'll be happy." He raised sly eyebrows at him.

Sunpaw thought darkly of what she knew and shoved him with her shoulder. "Mhm."

~*~

When the patrol returned, it was sunhigh. Sunpaw knew that her warrior ceremony had to be any minute. So when Applestar got up onto the Rock Pile, she felt pure excitement wash through her, even though she knew what her name would be. *This is gonna be great!*

"All cats old enough to climb Sky Tree gather here for a Clan meeting!" Applestar called. Sunpaw felt excitement rush through her, and she practically tripped over her own feet as she made her way over. *Smooth, Sunpaw.*

When all the cats had gathered, Applestar looked around purposefully and said, "Sunpaw, please step forward."

Sunpaw stepped forward, every muscle in her body working to make sure she didn't step too soon or seem to giddy. *Ohmygoshohmygoshohmygosh!!*

"Skypelt, has this apprentice learned the traits necessary for becoming a warrior?" Applestar meowed. Skypelt dipped her head. "She has," she replied, though her voice shook. Sunpaw wondered why.

"All right. Sunpaw, do you promise to defend this Clan even at the cost of your life, and uphold the warrior code until your dying breath?" Applestar inquired.

"I do," Sunpaw vowed, feeling pure energy run through her veins like flame.

"Then I call upon the power of StarClan and give you your warrior name. StarClan, look down upon this apprentice, who has trained in your code. I commend her to you as a warrior in her turn."

Sunpaw was briefly aware that she was changing the way it was spoken, but didn't really care. It didn't have to be perfect.

"Sunpaw. By the power of StarClan, I name you Sunpool." Stepping forward, Applestar pressed her muzzle to the top of Sunpaw's head, and she licked her shoulder. A vein of terror slammed through her, even though she had known in the back of her mind that there was a very good chance that Applestar would name her that. As she stepped back, she saw Applestar's eyes glittering.

Sunpool heard cats shouting her name, but couldn't feel anything. She was numb all over. She was going to die.

"Clan dismissed!" Applestar said, and a press of cats surrounded her, shouting congratulations, but Sunpool would later remember it as only flashes of black, white, and gray, and intellegable shouts as she spiralled away into the depths of her mind. Her days were numbered, her heartbeats soon to slow and stop. Some day, soon,

she was going to die.

Hello everyone. I finished this book, but then I wanted to change the way... well, someone dies, so that's going to be in the next chapter. Thanks for checking in!

Hey!

Hey everyone! Just wanted to let you know that the allegiances AND prologue for Dusk are now up and on my profile!

Ps: Let's all go thank Swiftie for her amazing cover! :D

~✧🐱✧ Rainfeather ✧🐱✧

One More Quick Note

I'm back on Snowfall and God it feels so long XD

I have a contest for you!

Who wants to rename Snowfall?

I want you to think about what happened in this book, what this means for CloudClan, Sunpool, her friends, etc. The only rule is that it can't be a Super Edition name (Sunpaw's Journey, CloudClan's Hope, etc.)

How to submit: comment ALL names you can think of! Even if they aren't great.

Prizes:

-Shoutout for name creation on the "notes" chapter
-Dedication in next chapter of Dusk

Thank you! May the odds be ever in your favor!